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T H E
BRITISH POETS.

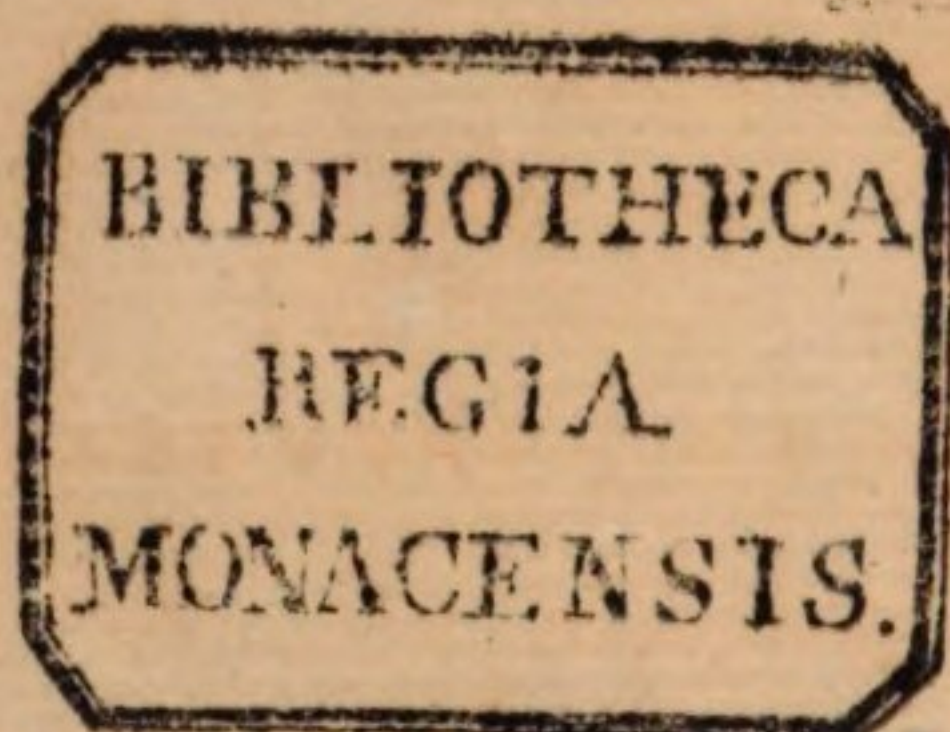
V O L. XXXIII.

E D I N B U R G H:

Printed for **J. BALFOUR and W. CREECH,**
M, DCC, LXXIII.

THE

BRITISH POSTS



V. O. L. XXIII

EDINBURGH

Printed for J. Macfarlane and W. Chalmers

M. DCC. LXXIII

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

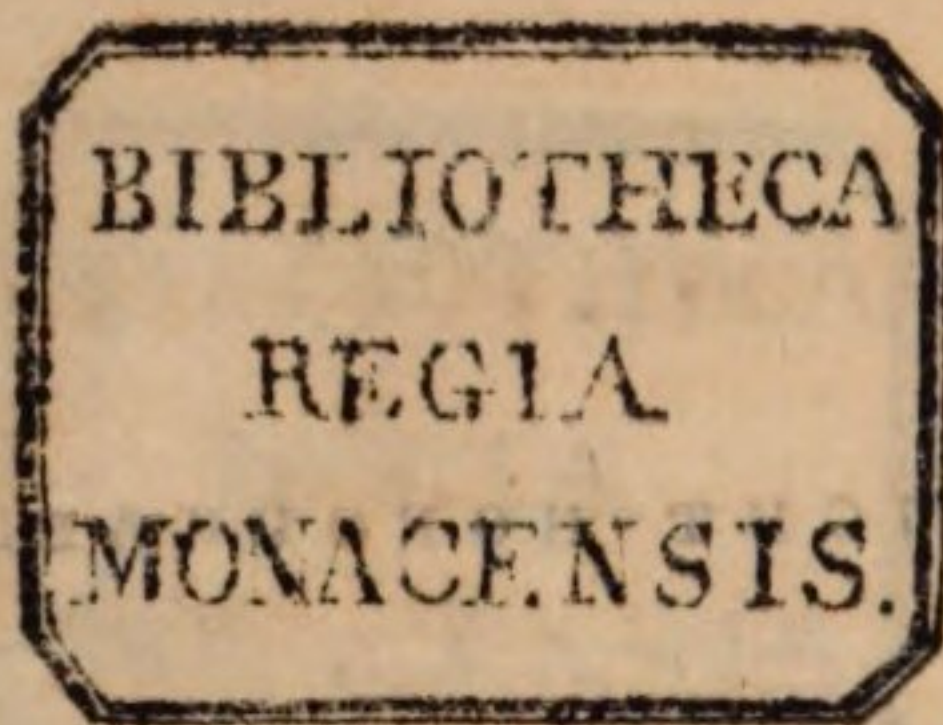
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P O E M S

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



T O

M R D R Y D E N.

HOW long, great Poet! shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise?
Can neither injuries of time, or age,
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought;
Pensive and sad, his drooping muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.

Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possess'd,
And second youth is kindled in thy breast;
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee.
Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle
In smoother numbers, and a clearer stile;

And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his satire, and improves his rage.
Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still out-shines the bright original.

Now Ovid boasts th' advantage of thy song,
And tells his story in the British tongue;
Thy charming verse, and fair translations, show,
How thy own laurel first began to grow;
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods,
And frighted at himself, ran howling through the woods.

O may'st thou still the noble task prolong,
Nor age, nor sickness interrupt thy song:
Then may we wondering read, how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and dissolv'd in streams;
Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold:
How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a second life, and different natures try'd.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himself can tell.

Magd. Coll. Oxon. June 2. 1693.

The Author's age, 22.

A

P O E M,

TO HIS

* M A J E S T Y.

Presented to the LORD KEEPER.

* King William. Printed in the year 1695. The
author's age, 24.

A

NEW YORK

Printed by J. M. ...
No. 10 ...
...
...

TO HIS

...

* M A J E S T Y

...

Printed to the Lord ...

...

...

King ...

...

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...

...

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir JOHN SOMERS,

LORD KEEPER of the GREAT SEAL.

IF yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares,
If yet your time and actions are your own,
Receive the present of a muse unknown:
A muse that in advent'rous numbers sings
The rout of armies, and the fall of kings,
Britain advanc'd, and Europe's peace restor'd,
By Somers' counsels, and by Nassau's sword.

To you, my Lord, these daring thoughts belong,
Who help'd to raise the subject of my song;
To you the Hero of my verse reveals
His great designs, to you in council tells
His inmost thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unstorm'd, and battles yet to come.
And well could you, in your immortal strains,
Describe his conduct, and reward his pains:
But since the state has all your cares engross'd,
And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,

Attend to what a lesser muse indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.

On you, my Lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment must expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
Degrading envy, or misguided love ;
If you, well-pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
For next to what you write, is what you praise.

}

T O T H E
K I N G.

WHEN now the business of the field is o'er,
The trumpets sleep, and cannons cease to roar,
When ev'ry dismal echo is decay'd,
And all the thunder of the battle laid ;
Attend, auspicious Prince, and let the muse
In humble accents milder thoughts infuse.

Others, in bold prophetic numbers skill'd,
Set thee in arms, and lead thee to the field ;
My muse expecting on the British strand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land :
She oft has seen thee pressing on the foe,
When Europe was concern'd in ev'ry blow ;
But durst not in heroic strains rejoice ;
The trumpets, drums, and cannons drown'd her voice :
She saw the Boyne run thick with human gore,
And floating corps lie beating on the shore ;
She saw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
To trace her Hero through the dusty plain,
When through the thick embattell'd lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidst the foes, now lost in clouds of
O that some muse renown'd for lofty verse, [smoke.
In daring numbers would thy toils rehearse !
Draw thee belov'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
Inur'd to noon-day sweats, and midnight cares !

Attend to what a lesser muse indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.

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In daring numbers would thy toils rehearse !
Draw thee belov'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
Inur'd to noon-day sweats, and midnight cares !

But still the god-like man, by some hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late;
Too late the verse the mighty act succeeds,
One age the hero, one the poet breeds.

A thousand years in full succession ran,
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice and sung the man,
Who, driv'n by strefs of fate, such dangers bore
On stormy seas, and a disastrous shore,
Before he settled in the promis'd earth,
And gave the empire of the world its birth.

Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce,
Ere Homer muster'd up their troops in verse;
Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans lust,
And laid the labour of the gods in dust,
Before the tow'ring muse began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,
Engag'd in tented fields, and rolling floods,
Or slaught'ring mortals, or a match for gods.

And here, perhaps, by Fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That shall in William's God-like acts engage,
And with his battles, warm a future age.
Hibernian fields shall here thy conquests show
And Boyne be sung, when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here Gallic labours shall advance thy fame,
And here Seneffe shall wear another name.
Our late posterity, with secret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleasure read,
How, in the bloody field too near advanc'd,
The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd.

The race of Nassa was by heaven design'd
To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,

To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in every injur'd nation's cause,
The world's great patriots; they for justice call,
And as they favour, kingdoms rise or fall.
Our British youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careless of fame, and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard unwarm'd the martial trumpet blow;
But now, inspir'd by thee, with fresh delight,
Their swords they brandish, and require the fight,
Renew their ancient conquests on the main,
And act their fathers triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd, when they hear how Agincourt was strow'd
With Gallic corps, and Cressi swam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who first shall storm the breach, or mount the wall.
In vain the thronging enemy by force,
Would clear the ramparts, and repel their course;
They break through all, for William leads the way,
Where fires rage most, and loudest engines play.
Namure's late terrors and destruction show,
What William, warm'd with just revenge, can do:
Where once a thousand turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky,
An undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,
And all the pile lies smoaking on the ground.

His toils for no ignoble ends design'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
The cries of orphans, and the widow's tears;
Oppress'd religion gives the first alarms,
And injur'd justice sets him in his arms;

His conquests freedom to the world afford,
And nations bless the labours of his sword.

Thus when the forming muse would copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroic worth,
She sets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down, and monsters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and smear'd with dust and sweat,
Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great.

Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,
And strikes a terror through the haughty East;
Algiers and Tunis from their sultry shoar
With horror hear the British engines roar,
Fain from the neighb'ring dangers would they run,
And wish themselves still nearer to the sun.
The Gallic ships are in their ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common use of sea and wind,
Nor dare again the British strength engage;
Still they remember that destructive rage,
Which lately made their trembling host retire,
Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were strow'd,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous flow'd.

Spain's numerous fleet that perish'd on our coast,
Could scarce a longer line of battle boast,
The winds could hardly drive them to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.

Where-e'er the waves in restless errors roll,
The sea lies open now to either pole:
Now may we safely use the Northern gales,
And in the Polar Circle spread our sails;
Or deep in Southern climes, secure from wars,
New lands explore, and sail by other stars;

Fetch uncontroul'd each labour of the sun,
And make the product of the world our own.

At length, proud prince, ambitious Lewis, cease
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace ;
Think on the structures which thy pride has rais'd,
On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waste ;
Think on the heaps of corps, and streams of blood,
On ev'ry guilty plain, and purple flood,
Thy arms have made, and cease an impious war,
Nor waste the lives entrusted to thy care.

Or, if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind,
See mighty Nassau through the battle ride,
And see thy subjects gasping by his side :
Fain would the pious prince refuse th' alarm,
Fain would he check the fury of his arm ;
But when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then countries stoln, and captives unrestor'd,
Give strength to ev'ry blow, and edge his sword.
Behold with what resistless force he falls
On towns besieg'd, and thunders at thy walls !
Ask Villeroy, for Villeroy beheld

The town surrender'd, and the treaty seal'd ;
With what amazing strength the forts were won,
While the whole pow'r of France stood looking on.

But stop not here : Behold where Berkley stands
And executes his injur'd king's commands ;
Around thy coast his bursting bombs he pours
On flaming citadels, and falling tow'rs ;
With hissing streams of fire the air they streak,
And hurl destruction round them where they break ;

The skies with long ascending flames are bright,
And all the sea reflects a quiv'ring light.

Thus *Ætna*, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills heav'n with ashes, and the earth with smoke;
Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten stones and scatter'd cinders fly:
Its fury reaches the remotest coast,
And strows the Asiatic shore with dust.

Now does the sailor from the neighbouring main
Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasur'd ruin lie;
Whilst, pointing to the naked coast, he shows,
His wond'ring mates where towns and steeples rose,
Where crouded citizens he lately view'd,
And singles out the place where once *St Malo's* stood.

Here *Russel's* actions should my muse require;
And would my strength but second my desire,
I'd all his boundless bravery rehearse,
And draw his cannons thund'ring in my verse:
High on the deck should the great leader stand,
Wrath in his looks, and light'ning in his hand,
Like *Homer's Hector*, when he flung his fire
Amidst a thousand ships, and made all Greece retire.

But who can run the British triumphs o'er,
And count the flames dispers'd on ev'ry shore?
Who can describe the scatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from sea to sea?
Else who could *Ormond's* godlike acts refuse,
Ormond the theme of ev'ry Oxford muse?
Fain would I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chace of fame,

Through all the noise and hurry of the fight,
Observe each blow, and keep him still in sight.
Oh, did our British peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great forefathers won!
Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the last that conquer'd France.
What might not England hope, if such abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood:
When such, detain'd at home, support our state
In William's stead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The schemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow,
And blast the counsels of the common foe;
Direct our armies, and distribute right,
And render our Maria's loss more light.

But stop, my muse, th' ungrateful sound forbear,
Maria's name still wounds each British ear:
Each British heart Maria still does wound,
And tears burst out unbidden at the sound;
Maria still our rising mirth destroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.

But see, at length, the British ships appear!
Our Nassau comes! and as his fleet draws near,
The rising masts advance, the sails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in sight.
Come, mighty Prince, desir'd of Britain, come!
May heav'n's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crouds behold that look,
Which such confusion and amazement strook
Through Gallic hosts: But, oh! let us descry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleasure in thy eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a while forget the trumpet's sound;

Well-pleas'd, the people's loyalty approve,
 Accept their duty, and enjoy their love.
 For as when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
 You plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight,
 Whole heaps of death encompass'd you around,
 And steeds o'erturn'd lay foaming on the ground:
 So crown'd with laurels now, where'er you go,
 Around you blooming joys, and peaceful blessings
 flow.

A
TRANSLATION
OF ALL
VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC,

Except the Story of ARISTÆUS.

ETHERIAL sweets shall next my muse engage,
And this, Mecaenas, claims your patronage.
Of little creatures wond'rous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
Their laws, employments, and their wars relate. }
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,
Trifling the theme, not so the poet's praise,
If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, to make the work divine.

First, for your bees a proper station find,
That's fenc'd about, and shelter'd from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The swarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their stores,
To trample under foot the springing flowers;
Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,
To spurn the dew-drops off, and bruise the rising grass:
Nor must the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor wood-pecks, nor the swallow harbour near.
They waste the swarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morsels to their young.

Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with moss,
And shallow rills run tickling through the grass;
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below;
That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
The crouded hive, and sport it in the sun,
Refreshing springs may tempt them from the heat,
And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighbouring water stands or runs,
Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones;
That if rough storms, or sudden blasts of wind
Should dip or scatter those that lag behind,
Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.
Plant all the flow'ry banks with lavender,
With store of sav'ry scent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erspread,
And fountains soak the violet's dewy bed.

Though barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive:
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop.
The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whistling cranies spread,
And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flowers,
To smear the chinks, and plaister up the pores:
For this they hoard up glew, whose clinging drops,
Like pitch or birdlime, hang in stringy ropes.
'They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in subterraneous caves their cell;
At other times th' industrious insects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.

Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
 And leaves must thinly on your work be strow'd;
 But let no baleful yew-tree flourish near,
 Nor rotten marshes send out steams of mire;
 Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire.
 Nor neighb'ring caves return the dying sound,
 Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
 Things thus prepar'd—————

When th' under world is seiz'd with cold and night,
 And summer here descends in streams of light,
 The Bees through woods and forests take their flight.
 They rise ev'ry flow'r, and lightly skim
 The crystal brook, and sip the-running stream;
 And thus they feed their young with strange delight,
 And knead the yielding wax, and work the slimy sweet.
 But, when on high you see the bees repair,
 Born on the winds through distant tracts of air,
 And view the winged cloud all blackning from afar;
 While shady coverts, and fresh streams they chuse,
 Milfoil and common honey-suckles bruise,
 And sprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.
 On brazen vessels beat a tinkling sound,
 And shake the cymbals of the goddess round;
 Then all will hastily retreat, and fill
 The warm resounding hollow of their cell.

If once two rival kings their right debate,
 And factions and cabals embroil the state,
 The people's actions will their thoughts declare,
 All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
 Hoarse broken sounds like trumpets' harsh alarms,
 Run through the hive, and call them to their arms;

Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with moss,
And shallow rills run tickling through the grass;
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
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All in a hurry spread their shiv'ring wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry stings :
In crouds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight :
At last, when all the heavens are warm and fair
They rush together out, and join ; the air
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war. }
All in a firm round cluster mix, and strow
With heaps of little corps the earth below ;
As thick as hail-stones from the floor rebound,
Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No sense of danger can their kings controul,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul :
Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
'Till shameful flight secures the routed foe.
This hot dispute and all this mighty fray
A little dust flung upward will allay.

But when both kings are settled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worst, and, lest he live
Idle at home in ease and luxury,
The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die ;
So let the royal insect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.

The kings are different ; one of better note
All speckt with gold, and many a shining spot, }
Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat ;
But love of ease, and sloth in one prevails,
That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails :
The people's looks are different as their king's,
Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings ;

Others look lothsome and diseas'd with sloth,
 Like a faint traveller, whose dusty mouth
 Grows dry with heat, and spits a maukish froth.
 The first are best——

}

From their o'erflowing combs, you'll often press
 Pure luscious sweets, that mingling in the glass
 Correct the harshness of the racy juice,
 And a rich flavour through the wine diffuse.
 But when they sport abroad, and rove from home,
 And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfinish'd comb;
 Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd;
 Clip their king's wings, and if they stay behind
 No bold usurper dares invade their right,
 Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.
 Let flow'ry banks entice them to their cells,
 And gardens all perfum'd with native smells;
 Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
 The robber's terror, and the scare-crow god.
 Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill
 Transplant, and nurse them in the neighbouring soil,
 Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth,
 But water them, and urge their shady growth.

And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
 And striking sail, and making to the shore,
 I'd shew what art the gardner's toils require,
 Why rosy Paestum blushes twice a year;
 What streams the verdant succory supply,
 And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry;
 What with a chearful green does parsley grace, [grafs:
 And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twisted
 Nor would I pass the soft acanthus o'er,
 Ivy nor myrtle-trees that love the shore;

Nor daffadils, that late from earth's slow womb
Unrumple their swoln buds, and show their yellow
bloom:

For once I saw in the Tarentine vale,
Where slow Galeus drench'd the washy soil,
An old Corician yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor pasture grac'd the field,
Nor would the vine her purple harvest yield;
But sav'ry herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy-flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground. }
Blest with these riches he could empires flight,
And when he rested from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford,
And his own garden furnish out his board:
The spring did first his opening roses blow,
First ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough.
When piercing colds had burst the brittle stone,
And freezing rivers stiffen'd as they run,
He then would prune the tender'st of his trees,
Chide the late spring, and lingring western breeze:
His bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foam
With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindons and the sappy pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flowers his smiling orchard drefs'd,
As many blossoms as the spring could show,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plumb,
And spreading plane-trees, where supinely laid
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the shade.

But these for want of room I must omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himself did on the bees confer ;
Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,
Lodg'd in a cave, th' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurs'd kindly under ground.

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
These only make their young their public care :
In well-dispos'd societies they live,
And laws and statutes regulate their hive ;
Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know set stations, and a fix'd abode :
Each provident of cold in summer flies
Through fields and woods, to seek for new supplies,
And in the common stock unloads his thighs.
Some watch the food, some in the meadows ply,
Taste ev'ry bud, and suck each blossom dry ;
Whilst others, lab'ring in their cells at home,
Temper Narcissus' clammy tears with gum,
For the first ground-work of the golden comb ;
On this they found their waxen works, and raise
The yellow fabric on his glewy base.

Some educate the young, or hatch the seed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed ;
Whilst others thicken all the slimy dews,
And into purest honey work the juice :
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and swell
With luscious nectar ev'ry flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heavens, and search the clouded skies
To find out breeding storms, and tell what tempests

rise.

B 2

By turns they ease the loaden swarms, or drive
 The drone, a lazy insect, from their hive.
 The work is warmly ply'd through all the cells,
 And strong with thyme the new-made honey smells.

So in their caves the brawny Cyclops sweat,
 When with huge strokes the stubborn wedge they beat,
 And all th' unshapen thunder-bolt compleat;
 Alternately their hammers rise and fall;
 Whilst griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.
 With puffing bellows some the flames increase,
 And some in waters dip the hissing mass;
 Their beaten anvils dreadfully resound,
 And Ætna shakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.

Thus, if great things we may with small compare,
 The busy swarms their different labours share.
 Desire of profit urges all degrees;
 The aged insects, by experience wise,
 Attend the comb, and fashion ev'ry part,
 And shape the waxen fret-work out with art:
 The young at night, returning from their toils,
 Bring home their thighs clogg'd with the meadows spoils.
 On lavender, and saffron buds they feed,
 On bending osiers, and the balmy reed,
 From purple violets and the teile they bring
 Their gather'd sweets, and rifle all the spring.

All work together, all together rest,
 The morning still renews their labours past;
 Then all rush out, their different tasks pursue,
 Sit on the bloom, and suck the rip'ning dew;
 Again when evening warns them to their home.
 With weary wings, and heavy thighs they come,
 And croud about the chink, and mix a drowsy hum.

Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful station keep,
Wrapt up in silence, and dissolv'd in sleep.
None range abroad when winds or storms are nigh,
Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky,
But make small journies, with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighbouring spring;
And, lest their airy bodies should be cast
In restless whirls, the sport of ev'ry blast,
They carry stones to poise them in their flight,
As ballast keeps th' unsteady vessel right.

But of all customs that the bees can boast,
'Tis this may challenge admiration most;
That none will Hymen's softer joys approve,
Nor waste their spirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain:
From herbs and flowers they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From these they chuse out subjects, and create
A little monarch of the rising state;
Then build wax-kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his residence.

But often in their journies as they fly,
On flints they tear their silken wings, or lie
Gro'ling beneath their flow'ry load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an insect fire,
And in a fly such generous thoughts inspire.
Yet by re-peopling their decaying state,
Though seven short springs conclude their vital date,
Their antient stocks eternally remain,
And in an endless race the childrens children reign.

No prostrate vassal of the east can more
 With slavish fear his haughty prince adore ;
 His life unites them all ; but when he dies,
 All in loud tumults and distractions rise ;
 They waste their honey, and their combs deface,
 And wild confusion reigns in every place.
 Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
 And croud about his courts, and buzz about his throne.
 Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
 Oft in his cause embattled in the air,
 Pursue a glorious death, in wounds and war.

Some from such instances as these have taught
 “ The bees extract is heavenly ; for they thought
 “ The universe alive ; and that a soul,
 “ Diffus’d throughout the matter of the whole,
 “ To all the vast unbounded frame was giv’n,
 “ And ran through earth, and air, and sea, and all
 the deep of heav’n ;
 “ That this first kindled life in man and beast,
 “ Life that again flows into this at last.
 “ That no compounded animal could die,
 “ But when dissolv’d, the spirit mounted high,
 “ Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky.

When-e’er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,
 And take the liquid labours of the bees,
 Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
 A lothsome cloud of smook amidst their hive.

Twice in the year their flowery toils begin,
 And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in ;
 Once when the lovely Pleiades arise,
 And add fresh lustre to the summer skies.

And once when hast'ning from the wat'ry sign
They quit their station, and forbear to shine.

The bees are prone to rage, and often found
To perish for revenge, and die upon the wound.
Their venom'd sting produces aching pains,
And swells the flesh, and shoots among the veins.

When first a cold hard winter's storms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their sinking state and low affairs
Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,
Fresh burning thyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and husky wax away ;
For often lizards seize the luscious spoils,
Or drones that riot on another's toils :
Oft broods of moths infect the hungry swarms,
And oft the furious wasp their hive alarms,
With louder hums, and with unequal arms ;
Or else the spider at their entrance sets
Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.

When sickness reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new disease is seen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin ;
Their fun'ral rites are form'd, and ev'ry bee
With grief attends the sad solemnity ;
The few diseas'd survivors hang before
Their sickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold ;
In drawling hums, the feeble insects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo through the hive,

Like winds that safely murmur through the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas
Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums
Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes. }
Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat,
And gently reconcile them to their meat.
Mix juice of galls, and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a slime;
To these dry'd roses, thyme, and cent'ry join,
And raisins ripen'd on the Pnythian vine.

Besides, there grows a flow'r in marshy ground,
Its name Amellus, easy to be found;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shews itself in leaves:
The flow'r itself is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves shoot thick about the flow'r, and grow
Into a bush, and shade the turf below:
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altar's posts, and beautifies the shrines;
Its taste is sharp, in vales new-shorn it grows,
Where Mella's stream in wat'ry mazes flows.
Take plenty of its roots, and boil them well
In wine, and heap them up before the cell.

But if the whole stock fail, and none survive;
To raise new people, and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare,
That spread th' Arcadian shepherd's name so far.
How bees from blood of slaughter'd bulls have fled,
And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.

For where th' Egyptians yearly see their bounds
 Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,
 Where Persia borders, and the rolling Nile
 Drives swiftly down the swarthy Indians soil,
 Till into sev'n it multiplies its stream,
 And fattens Egypt with a fruitful slime:
 In this last practice all their hope remains,
 And long experience justifies their pains.

First, then, a close contracted space of ground,
 With straighten'd walls and low-built roof they found:
 A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
 To all the quarters, one to ev'ry wind;
 Through these the glancing rays obliquely pierce:
 Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
 When two years growth of horn he proudly shows,
 And shakes the comely terrors of his brows:
 His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
 They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.
 With violence to life and stifling pain
 He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain,
 Loud heavy mows fall thick on ev'ry side,
 Till his bruis'd bowels burst within the hide.
 When dead they leave him rotting on the ground,
 With branches, thyme, and cassia, strow'd around.
 All this is done when first the western breeze
 Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas;
 Before the chatt'ring swallow builds her nest,
 Or fields in spring's embroidery are drest.
 Meanwhile the tainted juice ferments within,
 And quickens as it works: And now are seen
 A wond'rous swarm, that o'er the carcase crawls,
 Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals.

No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain ;
Now strikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to rise ;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears ;
From ev'ry side the fruitful carcase pours
Its swarming brood, as thick as summer-showers,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When twanging strings first shoot them on the foes.

Thus have I sung the nature of the bee ;
While Caesar, tow'ring to divinity,
The frightened Indians with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god ;
I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease ;
I who before the songs of shepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And set my Tityrus beneath his shade.

}

A

S O N G.

For ST CECILIA'S DAY at Oxford.

I.

CECILIA, whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the blest,
In choirs of warbling seraphims
Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
Attend, harmonious saint, and see
Thy vocal sons of harmony;
Attend, harmonious saint, and hear our pray'rs;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee:
Tune ev'ry string and ev'ry tongue,
Be thou the muse and subject of our song.

II.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark! how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays;
The organ labours in her praise.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly,
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the base.

Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
 The work of ev'ry skilful tongue,
 The found of ev'ry trembling string,
 The found and triumph of our song.

III.

For ever consecrate the day
 To music and Cecilia ;
 Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
 And all of heav'n we have below.
 Music can noble hints impart,
 Engender fury, kindle love ;
 With unsuspected eloquence can move,
 And manage all the man with secret art.
 When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
 The streams stand still, the stones admire ;
 The list'ning savages advance,
 The wolf and lamb around him trip,
 The bears in aukward measures leap,
 And tygers mingle in the dance.
 The moving woods attended as he play'd,
 And Rhodophe was left without a shade.

IV.

Music religious heat inspires,
 It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,
 And wings it with sublime desires,
 And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
 Th' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
 And seems well-pleas'd and courted with a song.
 Soft moving sounds and heav'nly airs
 Give force to ev'ry word, and recommend our pray'rs.

When time itself shall be no more,
 And all things in confusion hurl'd,
 Music shall then exert its power,
 And sound survive the ruins of the world :
 Then saints and angels shall agree
 In one eternal jubilee :
 All heav'n shall echo with their hymns divine,
 And God himself with pleasure see
 The whole creation in a chorus join.

C H O R U S.

Consecrate the place and day
 To music and Cecilia.
 Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
 Invade the hallow'd bounds,
 Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
 Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.
 Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
 But gladness dwell on ev'ry tongue ;
 Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
 Keep up the loud harmonious song,
 And imitate the blest above,
 In joy, and harmony, and love.

A N
A C C O U N T
OF THE GREATEST
E N G L I S H P O E T S.

To Mr HENRY SACHEVERELL, April 3. 1694.

SINCE, dearest HARRY, you will needs request
A short account of all the muse posselt,
That down from CHAUCER's days to DRYDEN's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes;
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
I'll try to make their several beauties known,
And show their verses worth, though not my own.

Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful nine;
'Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme, and prose.
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old Spencer next, warm'd with poetic rage;
In antient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where-e'er the poet's fancy led, pursu'd

Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now thy mystic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more ;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well pleas'd at distance all the sights
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights. }
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.

Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought :
His turns too closely on the reader press :
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.
One glitt'ring thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.
As in the milky-way a shining white
O'er-flows the heavens with one continu'd light ;
That not a single star can shew his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame :
Thy fault is only wit in its excess :
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre ?
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression, imitate in vain !
Well pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a
nobler flight.

Blest man ! whose spotless life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise :
Blest man ! who now shalt be for ever known,
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.

But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestic numbers walks;
No vulgar heroe can his muse engage ;
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage,
See ! see ! he upward springs, and tow'ring high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' almighty Thunderer in arms.
What-e'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst ev'ry verse, array'd in Majesty,
Bold, and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critic's nicer laws.
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with arch-angel copes in fight !
When great Messiah's out-spread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines !
What sounds of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare,
And stun the reader with the din of war !
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire ;
But when with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view thy first gay scenes of Paradise ;
What tongue, what words of rapture can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness.
Oh had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men !
His other works might have deserv'd applause.
But now the language can't support the cause ;

While the clean current, though serene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

But now, my muse, a softer strain rehearse,
Turn ev'ry line with art, and smoothe thy verse ;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays :
Muse, tune thy verse, with art, to Waller's praise.
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire ;
So long shall Waller's strains our passion move,
And Sacharissa's beauties kindle love.

Thy verse, harmonious bard, and flatt'ring song,
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong.
Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storms that bore him hence.
Oh had thy muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne !
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage !
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boin's wide current reek'd in blood !
Or if Maria's charms thou would'st rehearse,
In smother numbers and a softer verse ;
Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.

Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes ev'n rules a noble poetry :
Rules whose deep sense and heavenly numbers show
The best of critics, and of poets too.

Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighb'ring plains.

But see where artful Dryden next appears
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.

Great Dryden next, whose tuneful muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her heroe pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd, should decay with thee;
Did not the muses other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's muse shall in his friend survive.

I'm tir'd with rhiming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble Montague remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
To Dorset he directs his artful muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;
How Nassau's god-like acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines!
We see his army set in just array,
And Boin's dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
Nor Simois choak'd with men, and arms, and blood;
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the poet's highest themes, [streams.
Though Gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their

But now to Naflan's secret councils rais'd,
He aids the heroe, whom before he prais'd.

I've done at length; and now, dear Friend, receive
The last poor present that my muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise them with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear friend, and muse, farewell.

A
LETTER FROM ITALY.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

In the year 1701.

Salve magne parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiquae laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.

VIRG. Georg, 2.

W Hile you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For her advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme:
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,

Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground ;
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unstrung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods !

To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source ;
To see the Mincio draw his wat'ry store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods ! that rolling o'er the plains
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song.
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for-ever by the muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That destitute of strength derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source ;
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys ;

So high the deathless muse exalts her theme !
Such was the Boyn, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd in wild Meanders play'd ;
'Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where-e'er the hero's god-like acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh could the muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine !

See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents :
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats ;
Where Western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride ;
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheater's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,

That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
 And held uncrouded nations in its womb :
 Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies :
 And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
 Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,
 Their base degen'rate progeny upbraid :
 Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
 And wond'ring at their height thro' airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wand'ring muse retires,
 And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires ;
 Where the smooth chissel all its force has shown,
 And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
 In solemn silence, a majestic band,
 Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand,
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
 And emperors in Parian marble frown ;
 While the bright dames, to whom they humbly su'd,
 Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdu'd :

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
 And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
 Where from the mingled strength of shade and light,
 A new creation rises to my sight,
 Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
 So warm with life his blended colours glow.
 From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost :
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound ;
 Here domes and temples rise at distant views,
 And opening palaces invite my muse.

How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand !

But what avail her unexhausted stores,
 Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
 With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
 The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
 While proud oppression in her vallies reigns,
 And tyranny usurps her happy plains ?
 The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
 The red'ning orange, and the swelling grain :
 Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines :
 Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
 And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

O Liberty ! thou goddess heav'nly bright,
 Profuse of blefs, and pregnant with delight !
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train ;
 Eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more light,
 And Poverty looks chearful in thy sight ;
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores ;
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
 How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought !
 On foreign mountains may the sun refine
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil :
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
 Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,
 Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine :

'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains
smile.

Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:

'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite?
But strives in vain to conquer or divide
Whom Nassau's arms defend, and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and diff'rent tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes; whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like your's, should praise.

MILTON'S STILE IMITATED,
IN A
TRANSLATION OF A STORY
OUT OF THE
THIRD ÆNEID.

LOST in the gloomy horror of the night
We struck upon the coast where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vast show'rs of ashes hov'ring in the smoke;
Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
Incens'd, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or flings a broken rock aloft in air.
The bottom works with smother'd fire involv'd
In pestilential vapours, stench, and smoke,
'Tis said, that thunder-struck Enceladus,
Gro'ling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight,
Lies stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames;
And when he heaves against the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A sudden earthquake shoots through all the isle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,

Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And shades the sun's bright orb, and blots out day.

Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,
Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky storm deep loursing o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Oppos'd itself to Cynthia's silver ray,
And shaded all beneath. But now the sun
With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
From earth and heav'n; all nature stood disclos'd;
When looking on the neighbouring woods we saw
The ghastly visage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
Sat in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, speaking sore distress;
His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things else a Greek.

He first advanc'd in haste; but when he saw
Trojans and Trojan arms in mid career
Stopt short, he back recoil'd as one surpriz'd:
But soon recovering speed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears assail'd: "By heav'n's eternal fires,
"By ev'ry god that sits enthron'd on high,
"By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
"And bear me hence to any distant shore,
"So I may shun this savage race accurs'd.
"'Tis true, I fought among the Greeks, that late
"With sword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
"And laid the labour of the gods in dust;

" For which, if so the sad offence deserves,
 " Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie
 " Whelm'd under seas; if death must be my doom,
 " Let man inflict it, and I die well pleas'd."

He ended here, and now profuse of tears
 In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet :
 We bad him speak from whence, and what he was,
 And how by stress of fortune sunk thus low;
 Anchises too with friendly aspect mild
 Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity;
 When, thus encourag'd, he began his tale.

I'm one, says he, of poor descent, my name
 Is Achaemenides, my country Greece,
 Ulysses' sad compeer, who whilst he fled
 The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
 Disconsolate, forlorn; within the cave
 He left me, giant Polyphem's dark cave;
 A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
 On all sides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
 With clots of roppy gore, and human limbs,
 His dire repast: Himself of mighty size,
 Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
 Intractable, that riots on the flesh
 Of mortal men, and swills the vital blood.
 Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
 Two sprawling Greeks, in either hand a man;
 I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway
 He dash'd and broke them on the grundfil edge;
 The pavement swam in blood, the walls around
 Were spatter'd o'er with brains. He lapt the blood,
 And chew'd the tender flesh still warm with life,
 That swell'd and heav'd itself amidst his teeth,

As sensible of pain. Nor less mean while
 Our chief incens'd, and studious of revenge,
 Plots his destruction, which he thus effects.
 The giant, gor'd with flesh, and wine, and blood,
 Lay stretch'd at length and snoring in his den,
 Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'er-charged
 With purple wine and cruddled gore confused.
 We gather'd round, and to his single eye,
 The single eye that in his forehead glar'd
 Like a full moon, or a broad burnish'd shield,
 A forky staff we dext'rously apply'd,
 Which in the spacious socket turning round,
 Scoopt out the big round gelly from its orb.
 But let me not thus interpose delays;
 Fly, mortals, fly this curst detested race:
 A hundred of the same stupendous size,
 A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
 Gigantic brotherhood, that stalk along
 With horrid strides o'er the high mountains tops,
 Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
 Their voice and tread, oft seen them as they past,
 Sculking and scouring down, half dead with fear.
 Thrice has the moon wash'd all her orb in light,
 Thrice travel'd o'er, in her obscure sojourn,
 The realms of night inglorious, since I've liv'd
 Amidst these woods, gleaning from thorns and shrubs
 A wretched sustenance. As thus he spoke,
 We saw descending from a neighb'ring hill
 Blind Polypheme; by weary steps and slow
 The gropping giant with a trunk of pine
 Explor'd his way; around, his woolly flocks
 Attended grazing; to the well-known shore.

He bent his course, and on the margin stood,
 A hideous monster, terrible, deform'd ;
 Full in the midst of his high front there gap'd
 The spacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,
 A ghastly orifice ; he rins'd the wound,
 And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood
 That cak'd within ; then stalking through the deep
 He fords the ocean, while the topmost wave
 Scarce reaches up his middle side ; we stood
 Amaz'd be sure, a sudden horror chill
 Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein,
 'Till using all the force of winds and oars
 We sped away ; he heard us in our course,
 And with his out-stretch'd arms around him grop'd ;
 But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
 Such hideous shouts that all the ocean shook.
 Ev'n Italy, though many a league remote,
 In distant echoes answer'd ; Ætna roar'd,
 Through all its inmost winding caverns roar'd.

Rous'd with the sound, the mighty family
 Of one-ey'd brothers hasten to the shore,
 And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
 A dire assembly ! we with eager haste
 Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
 A host of giants covering all the shore.
 So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks
 Advanc'd to mighty growth : The traveller
 Hears from the humble valley where he rides
 The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
 Amidst the boughs, and at a distance sees
 The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise,
 A stately prospect, waving in the clouds.

THE
CAMPAIGN,
A
POEM.

TO HIS GRACE, THE
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

—— Rhēni pacatur et Istri.

Omnis in hoc Uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; laetatur Eques, plauditque Senator,
Votaque Patricio certant Plebeia favori.

Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quae sua impensa, suo
labore ac periculo, bella gerat pro libertate aliorum.
Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquae vicinitatis ho-
minibus, aut terris continenti junctis praestet.
Mare trajiciat; ne quod toto orbe terrarum in-
justum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, po-
tentissima sint.

Liv. Hist. lib. 33.

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THE CAMPAIGN,

A POEM.

WHILE crouds of princes your deserts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enroll your name ;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And Anna's praises crown the vast applause :
Accept, great Leader! what the muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights,
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new.
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view,
Shine forth at once ; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill th' important year,
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with towering pride,
His antient bounds enlarg'd on every side,
Pirene's lofty barriers were subdued,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood ;
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Opposed their Alpes and Appenines in vain,

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE FIRST

OF THE REIGN

OF CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND

OF THE REIGN

OF CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

THE
CAMP AID N,

A
P O E M.

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Proud in their number to enroll your name ;
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Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Opposed their Alpes and Appenines in vain,

Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immur'd;
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;
The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course through the new conquests ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her sovereign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to despair
His hopes on heaven, and confidence in prayer.

To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
On her resolves the western world relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the continent!
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye;
Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes, or follies of a court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-tried faith, and friendship's holy ties:
Their sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice,
By showers of blessings heaven approves their choice;
Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud them most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,

Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall
In distant climes, far from the perjur'd Gaul;
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghosts,
Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our god-like leader, ere the stream he past,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
Forming the wond'rous year within his thought;
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,
Between whose floods, such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues;
Infected by the burning scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
'Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.
Our British youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their maker's image more than half defac'd)

Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native foil.

Still to the rising sun they take their way
Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
When now the Necar on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
That chearfully its labours past forgets,
The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats.

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass,
(Now cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass)
Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain
Fire every breast, and boil in every vein :
Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn ;
A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze,
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood,
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown :
To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heaven dares entrust the cause of human-kind.

Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harras'd troops the hero's presence warms,
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thund'ring peals of British shouts resound:
Doubling their speed they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the stench hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees:
But when the scent comes warm in every breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are past,
Th' immortal Shellenberg appears at last:
Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;
Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious fight,
His march o'er-paid by such a promis'd fight.

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day;
Ev'ning approach'd; but, oh what hosts of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning close!
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close compacted Britons win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste;
Still pressing forward to the fight they broke,
Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,

'Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below;
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battle kindled into tenfold rage
With showers of bullets, and with storms of fire,
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.

How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat!
Only destructive to the brave and great!)

After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last.

But hold, my muse, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While Marlbro' lives, Britannia's stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence.

Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed
Where-e'er his friends retire, or foes succeed;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crouds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
The scorn of danger, and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;

Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

At length the long disputed pass they gain,
By crouded armies fortify'd in vain :
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling tides ;
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrag'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,
The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
In every rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlbro's form in every shadow fear,
'Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donawert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields
(The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,
The food of armies, and support of wars :
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannons doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.
Deluded prince ! how is thy greatness cross'd,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own !

Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there : Surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'st th' assistance of the Gallic arms ;
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
And croud thy standards with the power of France,
While to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain ;
'Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat ;
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in every brake :
The list'ning soldier fixt in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands ;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet terrible from far
In shriller clangors animates the war,
Confed'rate drums in fuller consort beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat :

Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lillies in the wind ;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views
Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain :
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows, at length prevail'd ;
The day was come when Heaven design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long-extended squadrons shape their way !
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts ;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quell's the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds controul ;
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'er-look the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host ;
Though fens and floods possess the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass ;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd !

Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But see the haughty household-troops advance!
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private foldier knows,
And with a gen'ral's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and, void of fear,
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns,
Each fights, as in his arms th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay;
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,

Confus'd in crouds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
O Dormer! how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unfung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crouds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mix'd,
'Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Soane,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhone,
Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards glides;
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's tow'rs, the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havock of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate Tallard! oh who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mix'd tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,

Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Choak'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
An English muse is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.
Greatly distress'd! thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won,
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day.

With floods of gore, that from the vanquish'd fell,
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or, 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those who 'scap'd the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging king dishonours, to compleat
Marlbro's great work, and finish the defeat.

From Memminghen's high domes, and Ausburg's walls,
The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls,
Freed by the terror of the victor's name
The rescu'd states his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulme th' approach of her deliv'rer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
In every thought the tow'ring genius shines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;

If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What distant land, what region can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword:
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils compleat?

Where the swollen Rhine rushing with all its force
Divides the hostile nations in its course,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide-extended plain commands;
Twice, since the war was kindled, has he try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And, though the dog-star had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
Fix'd on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons, and increase of heats;
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely that contain a foe.

The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land;
But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies:
Such dire impressions in his heart remain
Of Marlbro's sword, and Hocstet's fatal plain:

In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
The shady coverts, and obscure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends,
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fix'd,
To see such fire with so much sweetness mix'd,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!

Achilles thus was form'd with every grace,
And Nereus shone but in a second place:
Thus the great father of almighty Rome,
(Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by Marlbro's presence charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's fight.

The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,

Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And blest'd by rescu'd nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms,
And Taerbach feels the terror of his arms,
Seated on rocks, her proud foundations shake,
While Marlbro presses to the bold attack,
Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
The work of ages sunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares :
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.
By her th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free,
And taste the sweets of English liberty ;
But who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye !
Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall
Like heav'n's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distrest,
Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people blest.

Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse ;
That if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wond'rous tale.

When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.
Marlbro's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
And those who paint them truest praise them most.

P R O L O G U E
T O T H E
T E N D E R H U S B A N D *.

Spoken by Mr W I L K S.

IN the first rise and infancy of farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could, with ease,
A young and unexperienc'd audience please;
No single character had e'er been shown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own;
Rich in originals, they set to view,
In ev'ry piece, a coxcomb that was new.

But now our British theatre can boast
Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux,
Rough country-knights are fond of ev'ry shire;
Of ev'ry fashion gentle fops appear;
And punks of different characters we meet
As frequent on the stage as in the pit.
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool:

* A Comedy, written by Sir Richard Steele.

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Long ere they find the necessary spark,
 They search the town, and beat about the park,
 To all his most frequented haunts resort,
 Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court :
 As love of pleasure, or of place invites :
 And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.

Howe'er, to do you right, the present age
 Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage ;
 That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
 And won't be blockheads in the common road.
 Do but survey this crouded house to-night :
 —Here's still encouragement for those that write.

Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
 Stocks with variety of fools his play :
 And that there may be something gay and new,
 Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view ;
 The first a damsel, travell'd in romance ;
 The t'other more refin'd ; she comes from France :
 Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger ;
 And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the stranger.

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E P I L O G U E
T O T H E
BRITISH ENCHANTERS*.

W H E N Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleasing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
While list'ning forests cover'd, as he play'd,
The soft musician in a moving shade.
That this night's strains the same success may find,
The force of magic is to music join'd :
Where sounding strings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail.
Let sage Urganda wave the circling wand,
On barren mountains, or a waste of sand,
The desert smiles ; the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.

The same dull sights in the same landscape mix'd,
Scenes of still life, and points for ever fix'd,
A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
And pall the sense with one continu'd show :
But as our two magicians try their skill,
The vision varies, though the place stands still,

* A dramatic Poem, written by the Lord Lansdowne.

While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.

Thus (without unity of place transgress)

Th' Enchanter turns the critic to a jest.

But, howsoe'er, to please your wand'ring eyes,

Bright objects disappear, and brighter rise :

There's none can make amends for lost delight,

While from that circle we divert your sight.

P R O L O G U E

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS*.

Spoken by Mr W I L K S.

L O N G has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,
That rant by note, and thro' the gamut rage :
In songs and airs express their martial fire,
Combat in trills, and in a feuge expire ;
While lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,
Calm and serene you indolently sit :
And from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fiddle's repartee :
Our home-spun authors must forsake the field,
And Shakespear to the soft Scarletti yield.

To your new taste the poet of this day,
Was by a friend advis'd to form his play ;
Had Valentini, musically coy,
Shun'd Phaedra's arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd joy,
It had not mov'd your wonder to have seen
An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen :

* A Tragedy, written by Mr Edmund Smith.

How would it please, should she in English speak,
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek?
But he, a stranger to your modish way,
By your old rules must stand or fall to-day.
And hopes you will your foreign taste command,
To bear, for once, with what you understand.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

Spoken by Mr. Wilk

A century from the dawn :
 It had not only your wonder to have seen
 Shook Pagan's arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd joy,
 Had Valentin, cannibally cov'
 Was by a friend advis'd to forgo his prey ;
 To your new tale the poet of the day,
 And Shakspeare to the last Sonnet yield.
 Our home-born authors must forsake the field,
 Hear the fæbious Ædick's reported :
 And from the dull fatigues of thinking free,
 Calm and serene you indolently sit :
 While hild by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,
 Condel in trills, and in a large expanse ;
 In songs and airs express their martial fire,
 That run by note, and thro' the garnet rage ;
 T. O. N. G. has a race of heroes till'd the stage,

A. T. 1890. Written by Mr. Edmund Smith.

H O R A C E,

ODE III. BOOK III.

AUGUSTUS had a design to rebuild Troy, and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire, having closetted several senators on the project: HORACE is supposed to have written the following ODE on this occasion.

THE man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.

Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
Not the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world,

Such were the godlike arts that led
 Bright Pollux to the blest abodes :
 Such did for great Alcides plead,
 And gain'd a place among the Gods ;
 Where now Augustus, mix'd with heroes, lies,
 And to his lips the nectar bowl applies :
 His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
 And with immortal stains divinely glow.

By arts like these did young Lyaeus rise :
 His tigers drew him to the skies,
 Wild from the desert and unbroke :
 In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
 In vain their eyes with fury glar'd ;
 He tam'd them to the lash, and bent them to the yoke.

Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trode,
 When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high,
 He shook off dull mortality,
 And lost the monarch in the god.
 Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
 And thus th' assembled deities bespoke.

Troy, says the goddess, perjur'd Troy has felt
 The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt ;
 The towering pile, and soft abodes,
 Wall'd by the hand of servile gods,
 Now spreads its ruins all around,
 And lies inglorious on the ground.
 An umpire, partial and unjust,
 And a lewd woman's impious lust,
 Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the dust.
 Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway,
 That durst defraud th' immortals of their pay,

Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel;
To my resentments, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.

And now the long protracted wars are o'er,
The soft adult'rer shines no more;
No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield, [field.
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the

My vengeance fated, I at length resign
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line:
Advanc'd to god-head let him rise,
And take his station in the skies;
There entertain his ravish'd sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light;
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
And see adoring nations croud his shrine:

The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host,
In distant realms may seats unenvy'd find,
And flourish on a foreign coast;
But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
Remov'd by seas, from the disastrous shore,
May endless billows rise between, and storms unnum-
ber'd rore.

Still let the curst detested place,
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass. }
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray;
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of kings.

May tigers there, and all the savage kind,
Sad solitary haunts, and silent desarts find;

In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
 May th' unmolested lioness
 Her brinded whelps securely lay,
 Or, couch'd, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.

While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
 Rome and the Roman capitol shall rise,
 Th' illustrious exiles unconfin'd
 Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.

In vain the sea's intruding tide
 Europe from Afric shall divide,
 And part the sever'd world in two :
 Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall spread,
 And the long train of victories pursue
 To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.

Riches the hardy foldier shall despise,
 And look on gold with undesiring eyes,
 Nor the disbowell'd earth explore
 In search of the forbidden ore ;
 Those glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the mine,
 Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.

To the last bounds that nature sets,
 The piercing colds and sultry heats,
 The godlike race shall spread their arms,
 Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
 'Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine ;
 Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.

This only law the victor shall restrain,
 On these conditions shall he reign ;
 If none his guilty hand employ
 To build again a second Troy,
 If none the rash design pursue,
 Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.

A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations rase :
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town with fire,
And at their army's head myself will show
What Juno, urg'd to all her rage, can do.

Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise
And line it round with walls of brags,
Thrice should my fav'rite Greeks his works confound,
And hew the shining fabric to the ground ;
Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,
And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn.

But hold, my muse, forbear thy tow'ring flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light :
In vain would thy presumptuous verse
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse ;
The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majesty, and lose their sound.

O V I D'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

The Story of PHAETON.

THE sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
 With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
 The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
 And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
 Of polish'd ivory was the covering wrought:
 The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought,
 For in the portal was display'd on high
 (The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky;
 A waving sea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
 And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd.
 Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode;
 Triton, and Proteus (the deceiving god)
 With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
 Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
 While some on rocks their drooping hair divide,
 And some on fishes through the waters glide:
 Though various features did the sisters grace,
 A sister's likeness was in every face.

THE STORY OF PHAETON. 77

On earth a different landscape courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural
deities.

O'er all, the heaven's refulgent image shines;
On either gate were six engraven signs.

Here Phaeton, still gaining on th' ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went,
'Till pressing forward through the bright abode,
He saw at distance the illustrious god.
He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his aching sight.

The god sits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The Hours, in order rang'd on either hand,
And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages, stand.
Here Spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound;
Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear;
And hoary Winter shivers in the rear.

Phoebus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.
He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, 'What wants my son? for know,
'My son thou art, and I must call thee so.'

'Light of the world, the trembling youth replies,
'Illustrious parent! since you don't despise
'The parent's name, some certain token give,
'That I may Clymene's proud boast believe,
'Nor longer under false reproaches grieve.'

The tender sire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,

And bid the youth advance; 'My son,' said he,
 'Come to thy father's arms! for Clymene
 'Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
 'And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son.
 'As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
 'Whate'er it be, with that request comply;
 'By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
 'And roll impervious to my piercing sight.'

The youth transported, asks without delay,
 To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day.

The god repented of the oath he took,
 For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook:
 'My son,' says he, 'some other proof require;
 'Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire,
 'I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,
 'Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.
 'Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
 'Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
 'Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
 'Beyond the province of mortality:
 'There is not one of all the gods that dares
 '(However skill'd in other great affairs)
 'To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;
 'Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,
 'That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
 'Dares try his strength; yet who so strong as Jove?
 'The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain:
 'And when the middle firmament they gain,
 'If downward from the heavens my head I bow,
 'And see the earth and ocean hang below,
 'Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
 'And my own heart misgives me at the sight.

- ‘ A mighty downfal sleeps the ev’ning stage,
- ‘ And steady reins must curb the horses rage.
- ‘ Tethys herself has fear’d to see me driven
- ‘ Down headlong from the precipice of heaven.
- ‘ Besides, consider what impetuous force
- ‘ Turns stars and planets in a different course :
- ‘ I steer against their motions ; nor am I
- ‘ Born back by all the current of the sky.
- ‘ But how could you resist the orbs that roll
- ‘ In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole ?
- ‘ But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,
- ‘ And stately domes, and cities fill’d with gods ;
- ‘ While through a thousand snares your progress lies,
- ‘ Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies :
- ‘ For, should you hit the doubtful way aright,
- ‘ The Bull, with stooping horns, stands opposite ;
- ‘ Next him the bright Haemonian Bow is strung ;
- ‘ And next, the Lion’s grinning visage hung :
- ‘ The Scorpion’s claws here clasp a wide extent,
- ‘ And here the Crab’s in lesser clasps are bent.
- ‘ Nor would you find it easy to compose
- ‘ The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows }
‘ The scorching fire, that in their entrails glows.
- ‘ Ev’n I their head-strong fury scarce restrain,
- ‘ When they grow warm and restiff to the rein.
- ‘ Let not my son a fatal gift require,
- ‘ But oh ! in time, recall your rash desire ;
- ‘ You ask a gift that may your parent tell,
- ‘ Let these my fears your parentage reveal ;
- ‘ And learn a father from a father’s care :
- ‘ Look on my face ; or if my heart lay bare, }
‘ Could you but look, you’d read the father there.

' Chuse out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies,
 ' For open to your wish all nature lies,
 ' Only decline this one unequal task,
 ' For 'tis a mischief, not a gift, you ask;
 ' You ask a real mischief, Phaeton;
 ' Nay, hang not thus about my neck, my son:
 ' I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice,
 ' Chuse what you will, but make a wiser choice.'

Thus did the god th' unwary youth advise;
 But he still longs to travel through the skies.
 When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
 At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
 A golden axel did the work uphold,
 Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.
 The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
 The seat with parti-colour'd gems was bright;
 Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light. }
 The youth with secret joy the work surveys:
 When now the morn disclos'd her purple rays;
 The stars were fled; for Lucifer had chac'd
 The stars away, and fled himself at last.
 Soon as the father saw the rosy morn,
 And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
 He bid the nimble Hours, without delay,
 Bring forth his steeds; the nimble Hours obey:
 From their full racks the gen'rous steeds retire,
 Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
 Still anxious for his son, the god of day,
 To make him proof against the burning ray,
 His temples with celestial ointment wet,
 Of sov'reign virtue to repel the heat;

THE STORY OF PHAETON. 81

Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said,

‘ Take this at least, this last advice, my son;
‘ Keap a stiff rein, and move but gently on :
‘ The courfers of themselves will run too fast,
‘ Your art must be to moderate their haste.
‘ Drive them not on directly through the skies,
‘ But where the Zodiac’s winding circle lies,
‘ Along the midmost Zone ; but sally forth
‘ Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north.
‘ The horses hoofs a beaten tract will show,
‘ But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,
‘ That no new fires or heaven or earth infest ;
‘ Keep the mid way, the middle way is best.
‘ Nor, where in radiant folds the Serpent twines,
‘ Direct your course, nor where the Altar shines.
‘ Shun both extremes ; the rest let fortune guide,
‘ And better for thee than thyself provide !

See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,

Aurora gives the promise of a day ;

I’m call’d, nor can I make a longer stay.

Snatch up the reins ; or still th’ attempt forsake,

And not my chariot, but my counsel take,

While yet securely on the earth you stand ;

Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.

Let me alone to light the world, while you

Enjoy those beams which you may safely view.

He spoke in vain ; the youth with active heat

And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat ;

And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives

Those thanks his father with remorse receives.

Meanwhile the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
 Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
 Tethys, not knowing what had past, gave way,
 And all the waste of heaven before them lay.
 They spring together out, and swiftly bear
 The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
 With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
 And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
 The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
 Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:
 But as at sea th'unballast'd vessel rides,
 Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;
 So in the bounding chariot tofs'd on high,
 The youth is hurried headlong through the sky.
 Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
 Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
 The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
 Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
 Nor would the horses, had he known, obey.
 Then the Seven Stars first felt Apollo's ray,
 And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea.
 The folded Serpent next the frozen pole,
 Stiff and benumb'd before, began to roll,
 And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
 And shot a redder light from every star;
 Nay, and 'tis said, Bootes too, that fain
 Thou would'st have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy wain.
 Th'unhappy youth then, bending down his head,
 Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread:
 His colour chang'd, he startled at the sight,
 And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.

Now could he wish the fiery steeds untry'd,
 His birth obscure, and his request deny'd :
 Now would he Merops for his father own,
 And quit his boasted kindred to the sun.

So fares the pilot, when his ship is tost
 In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost,
 He gives her to the winds, and in despair
 Seeks his last refuge in the gods and prayer.

What could he do ? his eyes, if backward cast,
 Find a long path he had already past ;
 If forward, still a longer path they find :
 Both he compares, and measures in his mind ;
 And sometimes casts an eye upon the east,
 And sometimes looks on the forbidden west.
 The horses names he knew not in the fright ;
 Nor would he lose the reins, nor could he hold 'em tight.
 Now all the horrors of the heaven he spies,
 And monstrous shadows of prodigious size,
 That deck'd with stars, lie scatter'd o'er the skies. }
 There is a place above, where Scorpio bent
 In tail and arms surrounds a vast extent ;
 In a wide circuit of the heavens he shines,
 And fills the space of two celestial signs ;
 Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
 Brandish his sting, and in his poison sweat,
 Half dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins ;
 The horses felt them loose upon their maens,
 And, flying out through all the plains above,
 Ran uncontroll'd where-e'er their fury drove ;
 Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way
 Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day.

84 THE STORY OF PHAETON.

And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.

The clouds disperse in fumes, the wond'ring moon
Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own ;
The highlands smook, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze.
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
The running conflagration spreads below.
But these are trivial ills : Whole cities burn,
And peopl'd kingdoms into ashes turn.

The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear ;
Oeagrian Haemus (then a single name)
And virgin Helicon increase the flame ;
Taurus and Oete glare amid the sky,
And Ida, spight of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithaeron, glow ;
And Rhodope, no longer cloathd in snow ;
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus, sweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.
Even Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native frost was arm'd,
Cover'd with flames, the towering Appennine,
And Caucasus, and proud Olympus, shine ;
And, where the long-extended Alpes aspire,
Now stands a huge continu'd range of fire.

Th'astonish'd youth, where-e'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the universe around him burn :
The world was in a blaze ; nor could he bear
The sultry vapours and the scorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd ;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd :

Lost in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
 And white with ashes, hov'ring in the smoke,
 He flew where-e'er the horses drove, nor knew
 Whether the horses drove, or where he flew.

'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun
 To change his hue, and blacken in the sun.
 Then Libya first, of all her moisture drain'd,
 Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.

The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
 Boeotia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns,
 Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails,
 And Argos grieves whilst Amyone fails.

The floods are drain'd from every distant coast,
 Even Tanais, though fix'd in ice, was lost,
 Enrag'd Caicus and Lycormas roar,
 And Xanthus fated to be burnt once more.

The fam'd Maeander, that unwearied strays
 Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze.

From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;

The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise
 In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the skies.

In flames Ismenos and the Phasis roll'd,

And Tagus floating in his melted gold.

The swans, that on Caister often try'd

Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and dy'd.

The frightened Nile ran off, and under ground

Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:

His seven divided currents all are dry,

And where they roll'd, seven gaping trenches lie.

No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,

Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain.

The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
 And startles Pluto with the flash of day.
 The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
 Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose;
 Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase
 The number of the scatter'd Cyclades.
 The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,
 Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:
 Gasping for breath, th'unshapen Phocæ die,
 And on the boiling wave extended lie.
 Nereus, and Doris with her virgin train,
 Seek out the last recesses of the main;
 Beneath unfathomable deeps they faint,
 And secret in their gloomy caverns pant.
 Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
 His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.

The Earth, at length, on every side embrac'd
 With scalding seas, that floated round her waist,
 When now she felt the springs and rivers come,
 And croud within the hollow of her womb,
 Uplifted to the heavens her blasted head,
 And clapt her hands upon her brows, and said;
 (But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
 Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat :)
 ' If you, great king of gods, my death approve,
 ' And I deserve it, let me die by Jove;
 ' If I must perish by the force of fire,
 ' Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.
 ' See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapour's choak,
 (For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke)
 ' See my sing'd hair, behold my faded eye,
 ' And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!

- ‘ And does the plough for this my body tear ?
 ‘ This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
 ‘ Tortur’d with rakes, and harrafs’d all the year ?
 ‘ That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
 ‘ And food for man, and frankincense for you ?
 ‘ But grant me guilty ; what has Neptune done ?
 ‘ Why are his waters boiling in the sun ?
 ‘ The wavy empire, which by lot was giv’n,
 ‘ Why does it waste, and further shrink from heav’n ?
 ‘ If I nor he your pity can provoke,
 ‘ See your own heav’ns, the heav’ns begin to smoke !
 ‘ Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
 ‘ Destruction seizes on the heav’ns and gods ;
 ‘ Atlas become unequal to his freight,
 ‘ And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
 ‘ If heav’n, and earth, and sea together burn,
 ‘ All must again into their chaos turn.
 ‘ Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
 ‘ And succour nature, ere it be too late.’

She ceas’d ; for choak’d with vapours round her spread,
 Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.

Jove call’d to witness ev’ry pow’r above,
 And even the god whose son the chariot drove,
 That what he acts he is compell’d to do,
 Or universal ruin must ensue.

Strait he ascends the high aetherial throne,
 From whence he us’d to dart his thunder down,
 From whence his show’rs and storms he us’d to pour,
 But now could meet with neither storm nor show’r.
 Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
 Full at his head he hurl’d the forky brand,

In dreadful thund'ring. Thus th' almighty fire
 Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.

At once from life, and from the chariot driv'n,
 Th' ambitious boy fell thunder-struck from heav'n.
 The horses started with a sudden bound,
 And flung the reins and chariot to the ground;
 The studded harness from their necks they broke;
 Here fell a wheel, and there a silver spoke,
 Here were the beam and axle torn away;
 And, scatter'd o'er the earth, the shining fragments lay.
 The breathless Phaeton, with flaming hair,
 Shot from the chariot, like a falling star,
 That, in a summer's ev'ning, from the top
 Of heav'n drops down, or seems at least to drop;
 Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurl'd,
 Far from his country, in the western world.

PHAETON'S Sisters transformed into Trees.

THE Latian nymphs came round him, and, amaz'd,
 On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd;
 And, whilst yet smoaking from the bolt he lay,
 His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
 And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise:
 ' Here he who drove the sun's bright chariot lies;
 ' His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
 ' But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd.'

Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief,
 And, if the story may deserve belief,
 The space of one whole day is said to run,
 From morn to wonted even, without a sun:

The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
 Supply the sun, and counterfeit a day,
 A day, that still did nature's face disclose:
 This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.

But Clymene, enrag'd with grief, laments,
 And as her grief inspires, her passion vents:
 Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,
 With hair dishevel'd, round the world she goes,
 To seek where'er his body might be cast;
 Till on the borders of the Po, at last
 The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears,
 The dear, dear name she bathes in flowing tears:
 Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
 And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.

Her daughters too lament, and sigh, and mourn,
 (A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn)
 And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
 And call aloud for Phaeton in vain:
 All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
 And all the day stand round the tomb, and weep.

Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd;
 So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd:
 When now the eldest, Phaethusa, strove
 To rest her weary limbs, but could not move;
 Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
 Herself with-held, and rooted to the ground:
 A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
 Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with leaves;
 One sees her thighs transform'd, another views
 Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.
 And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies stood
 Crusted with bark, and hard'ning into wood;

20 THE STORY OF PHAETON'S SISTERS.

But still above were female heads display'd,
And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.
What could, alas ! the weeping mother do ?
From this to that with eager haste she flew,
And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew. }
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from their verdant fingers strips the leaves :
The blood came trickling, where she tore away
The leaves and bark : The maids were heard to say,
' Forbear, mistaken parent, oh, forbear !
' A wounded daughter in each tree you tear ;
' Farewel for ever.' Here the bark increas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.

The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, harden'd into value by the sun,
Distil for ever on the streams below.
The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
Mix'd in the sand ; whence the rich drops convey'd
Shine in the dress of the bright Latian maid.

The Transformation of CYCNUS into a Swan.

CYCNUS beheld the nymphs transform'd, ally'd
To their dead brother, on their mortal side,
In friendship and affection nearer bound ;
He left the cities and the realms he own'd ;
Through pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the sisters change.
Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan,

His voice was lessen'd, as he try'd to speak,
 And issu'd through a long-extended neck ;
 His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
 In skinny films, and shape his oary feet ;
 From both his sides the wings and feathers break ;
 And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak :
 All Cycnus now into a swan was turn'd,
 Who, still rememb'ring how his kinsman burn'd,
 To solitary pools and lakes retires,
 And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.

Meanwhile Apollo in a gloomy shade
 (The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
 Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
 Of his own sun-shine, and abhors the light :
 The hidden griefs that in his bosom rise,
 Sadden his looks, and overcast his eyes,
 As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
 And fullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.

Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
 Now warm resentments to his grief he join'd,
 And now renounc'd his office to mankind. }
 ' E'er since the birth of Time,' said he, ' I've born
 ' A long ungrateful toil, without return ;
 ' Let now some other manage, if he dare,
 ' The fiery steeds, and mount the burning car ;
 ' Or, if none else, let Jove his fortune try,
 ' And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by ;
 ' Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
 ' My son deserv'd not so severe a fate.'

The gods stand round him, as he mourns, and pray
 He would resume the conduct of the day,

Nor let the world be lost in endless night :
 Jove too, himself, descending from his height,
 Excuses what had happen'd, and intreats,
 Majestically mixing pray'rs and threats.
 Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
 The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
 And plies them with the lash, and whips them on,
 And, as he whips, upbraids them with his son.

The Story of CALISTO.

THE day was settled in its course ; and Jove
 Walk'd the wide circuit of the heav'ns above,
 To search if any cracks or flaws were made ;
 But all was safe ; the earth he then survey'd,
 And cast an eye on every diff'rent coast,
 And every land ; but on Arcadia most.
 Her fields he cloth'd, and chear'd her blasted face
 With running fountains, and with springing grafs.
 No tracks of heav'n's destructive fire remain,
 The fields and woods revive, and nature smiles again.

But as the god walk'd to and fro the earth,
 And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
 By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
 And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
 The nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride ;
 Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd ;
 Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
 Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore ;
 To chaste Diana from her youth inclin'd,
 The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd.

Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
 Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
 O'er Maenalus, amid the maiden throng,
 More favour'd once; but favour lasts not long:

The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
 The heated virgin panting to a grove;
 The grove around a grateful shadow cast:
 She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
 She flung herself on the cool grassy bed;
 And on the painted quiver rais'd her head,
 Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
 Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.

'Here I am safe,' he cries, 'from Juno's eye;
 'Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,
 'Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
 'And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!'

Diana's shape and habit straight he took,
 Soften'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,
 And mildly in a female accent spoke.

'How fares my girl! How went the morning chase?'
 To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,
 'All-hail, bright deity, whom I prefer
 'To Jove himself, tho' Jove himself were here.'
 The god was nearer than she thought, and heard
 Well-pleas'd himself before himself preferr'd.

He then salutes her with a warm embrace:
 And, ere she half had told the morning chase,
 With love enflam'd, and eager on his bliss,
 Smother'd her words, and stop'd her with a kiss,
 His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,
 Nor could Diana's shape conceal the god.

The virgin did whate'er a virgin cou'd ;
 (Sure Juno must have pardon'd, had she view'd)
 With all her might against his force she strove ;
 But how can mortal maids contend with Jove !

Possess'd at length of what his heart desir'd,
 Back to his heavens th' exulting god retir'd.
 The lovely huntress, rising from the grafs,
 With down-cast eyes, and with a blushing face,
 By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd,
 Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,
 And almost, in the tumult of her mind,
 Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.

But now Diana, with a sprightly train
 Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
 Call'd to the nymph ; the nymph began to fear
 A second fraud, a Jove disguis'd in her ;
 But, when she saw the sister nymphs, suppress'd
 Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.

How in the look does conscious guilt appear !
 Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear ;
 Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddess ran,
 As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.
 Her looks were flush'd, and fullen was her mien,
 That sure the virgin goddess (had she been
 Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen. }
 'Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright :
 And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
 When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
 Found a cool covert, and refreshing streams,
 That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,
 And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.

A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
 The goddess prais'd : ' And now no spies are near,
 ' Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash, she cries.'
 Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies ;
 Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
 And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd ;
 In vain excus'd : Her fellows round her press'd,
 And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd.
 The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,
 In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd ;
 ' Begone !' the goddess cries with stern disdain,
 ' Begone ! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain :'
 She fled, for ever banish'd from the train.

This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
 To punish the detested rival's crime ;
 The time was come : For, to enrage her more,
 A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.

The goddess cast a furious look, and cry'd,
 ' It is enough ! I'm fully satisfy'd !
 ' This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
 ' My husband's baseness, and the strumpet's love :
 ' But vengeance shall awake : Those guilty charms,
 ' That drew the thunderer from Juno's arms,
 ' No longer shall their wonted force retain,
 ' Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain.'

This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
 Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground :
 The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer ;
 Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair,
 Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
 Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws ;

Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
 To grow distorted in an ugly grin.
 And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
 The ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech :
 Her surly voice thro' a hoarse passage came
 In savage sounds : Her mind was still the same.
 The furry monster fix'd her eyes above,
 And heav'd her new un'wieldy paws to Jove,
 And begg'd his aid with inward groans ; and tho'
 She could not call him false, she thought him so.

How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
 And haunt the fields and meadows once her own !
 How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,
 Whilst from her hounds the frightened huntress flew !
 How did she fear her fellow-brutes, and shun
 The shaggy bear, though now herself was one !
 How from the sight of rugged wolves retire,
 Although the grim Lycaon was her sire !

But now her son had fifteen summers told,
 Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold ;
 When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
 He chanc'd to raise his mother where she lay ;
 She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,
 And fondly gaz'd : The boy was in a fright,
 And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast,
 And would have slain his mother in the beast ;
 But Jove forbid, and snatch'd them through the air
 In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd them there,
 Where the new constellations nightly rise,
 And add a lustre to the northern skies.

When Juno saw the rival in her height,
 Spangled with stars, and circled round with light,

She fought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
 And Tethys; both rever'd among the gods.
 They ask what brings her there: 'Ne'er ask,' says she,
 'What brings me here, heaven is no place for me.
 'You'll see when night has cover'd all things o'er,
 'Jove's starry bastard and triumphant whore
 'Usurp the heavens; you'll see them proudly roll
 'In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
 'And who shall now on Juno's altars wait,
 'When those she hates grow greater by her hate?
 'I on the nymph a brutal form impress'd,
 'Jove to a goddess has transform'd the beast;
 'This, this was all my weak revenge could do;
 'But let the god his chaste amours pursue,
 'And, as he acted after Io's rape,
 'Restore th' adult'ress to her former shape;
 'Then may he cast his Juno off, and lead
 'The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
 'But you, ye venerable powers, be kind,
 'And, if my wrongs a due resentment find,
 'Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
 'Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams.'

The goddess ended, and her wish was given;
 Back she return'd in triumph up to heaven:
 Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the skies,
 Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes;
 The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
 At the same time the raven's colour chang'd.

The Story of CORONIS, and Birth
of ÆSCULAPIUS.

THE raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
White as the whitest dove's unfully'd breast,
Fair as the guardian of the capitol,
Soft as the swan, a large and lovely fowl ;
His tongue, his prating tongue had chang'd him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white.

The story of his change shall here be told ;
In Thessaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd ; a peerless maid she shin'd,
Confest the fairest of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, till her guilt he knew,
While true she was, or while he thought her true.
But his own bird the raven chanc'd to find
The false one with a secret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the god he ply'd :
The busy daw flew with him, side by side,
And by a thousand teasing questions drew
Th' important secret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honest counsel, though despis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd.

‘ Stay, silly bird, th’ ill-natur’d task refuse,
‘ Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
‘ Be warn’d by my example : You discern
‘ What now I am, and what I was shall learn,

‘ My foolish honesty was all my crime ;
 ‘ Then hear my story. Once upon a time,
 ‘ The two-shap’d Eriethonius had his birth
 ‘ (Without a mother) from the teeming earth ;
 ‘ Minerva nurs’d him, and the infant laid
 ‘ Within a chest, of twining osiers made.
 ‘ The daughters of king Cecrops undertook
 ‘ To guard the chest, commanded not to look
 ‘ On what was hid within. I stood to see
 ‘ The charge obey’d, perch’d on a neighb’ring tree :
 ‘ The sisters Pandrosos and Herse keep
 ‘ The strict command ; Aglauros needs would peep,
 ‘ And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
 ‘ And call’d her sisters to the hideous sight ;
 ‘ A boy’s soft shape did to the waist prevail,
 ‘ But the boy ended in a dragon’s tail.
 ‘ I told the stern Minerva all that pass’d,
 ‘ But for my pains discarded and disgrac’d,
 ‘ The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
 ‘ And for her favourite chose the bird of night.
 ‘ Be then no tell-tale ; for I think my wrong
 ‘ Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
 ‘ But you, perhaps, may think I was remov’d,
 ‘ As never by the heavenly maid belov’d :
 ‘ But I was lov’d ; ask Pallas if I lye ;
 ‘ Though Pallas hate me now, she won’t deny :
 ‘ For I whom in a feather’d shape you view,
 ‘ Was once a maid (by heaven the story’s true)
 ‘ A blooming maid, and a king’s daughter too.
 ‘ A croud of lovers own’d my beauty’s charms ;
 ‘ My beauty was the cause of all my harms ;

‘ Neptune, as on his shores I went to rove,
 ‘ Observ’d me in my walks, and fell in love.
 ‘ He made his courtship, he confess’d his pain,
 ‘ And offer’d force when all his arts were vain;
 ‘ Swift he pursu’d: I ran along the strand,
 ‘ ’Till, spent and weary’d on the sinking sand,
 ‘ I shriek’d aloud, with cries I fill’d the air;
 ‘ To gods and men; nor god nor man was there: }
 ‘ A virgin goddess heard a virgin’s prayer.
 ‘ For, as my arms I lifted to the skies,
 ‘ I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;
 ‘ I strove to fling my garment on the ground;
 ‘ My garment turn’d to plumes, and girt me round:
 ‘ My hands to beat my naked bosom try;
 ‘ Nor naked bosom now nor hands had I.
 ‘ Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
 ‘ Sunk in the sand but skim’d along the shore;
 ‘ ’Till, rising on my wings, I was preferr’d
 ‘ To be the chaste Minerva’s virgin bird:
 ‘ Prefer’d in vain! I now am in disgrace:
 ‘ Nyctimene the Owl enjoys my place.
 ‘ On her incestuous life I need not dwell,
 ‘ (In Lesbos still the horrid tale they tell)
 ‘ And of her dire amours you must have heard,
 ‘ For which she now does penance in a bird,
 ‘ That conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
 ‘ And loves the gloomy cov’ring of the night;
 ‘ The birds, where-e’er she flutters, scare away
 ‘ The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day.
 The Raven, urg’d by such impertinence,
 Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,

And curs'd the harmless daw ; the daw withdrew :
 The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
 And found him out, and told the fatal truth
 Of false Coronis and the favour'd youth.

The god was wroth ; the colour left his look,
 The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook :
 His silver bow and feather'd shafts he took,
 And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast,
 That had so often to his own been prest.
 Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan'd,
 And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound ;
 And, welt'ring in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
 ' Ah, cruel god ! though I have justly dy'd,
 ' What has, alas ! my unborn infant done,
 ' That he should fall, and two expire in one ?'
 This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.

The god dissolves in pity at her death ;
 He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
 And hates himself for what himself had done ;
 The feather'd shaft, that sent her to the fates,
 And his own hand, that sent the shaft, he hates.
 Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
 And tries the compass of his art in vain.
 Soon as he saw the lovely nymph expire,
 The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
 With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
 And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.
 Her corpse he kiss'd, and heav'nly incense brought,
 And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought.

But, lest his offspring should her fate partake,
 Spite of th' immortal mixture in his make,

He ript her womb, and set the child at large,
 And gave him to the centaur Chiron's charge;
 Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
 And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

OCYRRHOË transformed to a Mare.

OLD CHIRON took the babe with secret joy,
 Proud of the charge of the celestial boy.
 His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore
 The nymph Chariclo to the centaur bore,
 With hair dishevel'd on her shoulders came
 To see the child, Ocyrrhoe was her name;
 She knew her father's arts, and could rehearse
 The depths of prophecy in founding verse.
 Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd,
 The god was kindled in the raving maid,
 And thus she utter'd her prophetic tale;
 ' Hail, great physician of the world, all hail;
 ' Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
 ' Shalt heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
 ' Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
 ' Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind.
 ' Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
 ' And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:
 ' Then shalt thou die; but from the dark abode
 ' Rise up victorious, and be twice a god.
 ' And thou, my sire, not destin'd by thy birth
 ' To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,
 ' How wilt thou toss, and rave, and long to die,
 ' And quit thy claim to immortality!

' When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
 ' The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins!
 ' The gods, in pity, shall contract thy date,
 ' And give thee over to the pow'r of fate.'

Thus, entering into destiny, the maid
 The secrets of offending Jove betray'd:
 More had she still to say; but now appears
 Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears.
 ' My voice,' says she, ' is gone, my language fails;
 ' Through every limb my kindred shape prevails:
 ' Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
 ' And with prophetic raptures swell my heart!
 ' What new desires are these? I long to pace
 ' O'er flow'ry meadows, and to feed on grass;
 ' I hasten to a brute, a maid no more;
 ' But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
 ' My sire does half a human shape retain,
 ' And in his upper parts preserves the man.'

Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,
 But in shrill accents, and mis-shapen words
 Pours forth such hideous wailings, as declare
 The human form confounded in the mare,
 Till by degrees accomplish'd in the beast,
 She neigh'd out-right, and all the steed express'd.
 Her stooping body on her hands is born,
 Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn;
 Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,
 And in a flowing tail she frisks her train.
 The mare was finish'd in her voice and look,
 And a new name from the new figure took.

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The Transformation of BATTUS to a Touch-stone.

SORE wept the centaur, and to Phoebus pray'd;
But how could Phoebus give the centaur aid?
Degraded of his pow'r by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove;
And wielded in his hand a staff of oak,
And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's cloak;
On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waste the day.

As once, attentive to his pipe he play'd,
The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
A drove, that sep'rate from their fellows stray'd. }
The theft an old insidious peasant view'd;
(They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood)
Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince, to feed
His fav'rite mares, and watch the gen'rous breed.
The thievish god suspected him, and took
The hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke;
' Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
' And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.'
' Go, stranger,' cries the clown, ' securely on,
' That stone shall sooner tell;' and show'd a stone.

The god withdrew, but strait return'd again,
In speech and habit like a country-swain;
And cries out, ' Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
' Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way?
' In the recovery of my cattle join,
' A bullock and a heifer shall be thine.'

The peasant quick replies, ' You'll find them there
 ' In yon dark vale : And in the vale they were.'
 The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd :
 The god, successful in the trial, smil'd ;
 ' And dost thou thus betray myself to me ?
 ' Me to myself dost thou betray ?' says he :
 Then to a touch-stone turns the faithless spy,
 And in his name records his infamy.

The Story of A G L A U R O S transformed into a Statue.

T H I S done, the god flew up on high, and pass'd
 O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
 And wide Munichia, whilst his eyes survey
 All the vast region that beneath him lay.

'Twas now the feast when each Athenian maid
 Her yearly homage to Minerva paid ;
 In canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
 High on their heads their mystic gifts they bore :
 And now, returning in a solemn train,
 The troop of shining virgins fill'd the plain.

The god well-pleas'd beheld the pompous show,
 And saw the bright procession pass below ;
 Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
 And hover'd o'er them : As the spreading kite,
 That smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
 Flies at a distance, if the priests are nigh,
 And sails around, and keeps it in her eye ;
 So kept the god the virgin choir in view,
 And in slow winding circles round them flew.

As Lucifer excels the meanest star,
 Or, as the full-orb'd Phoebe Lucifer;
 So much did Herse all the rest outvy,
 And gave a grace to the solemnity.
 Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung:
 So the cold bullet, that with fury slung
 From Balearic engines mounts on high,
 Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
 At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
 The form divine, the features of a god.
 He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
 And yet he strives to better them by art.
 He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
 The golden edging on the seam below;
 Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
 Waves, with an air, the sleep-procuring wand;
 The glitt'ring sandals to his feet applies,
 And to each heel the well-trim'd pinion ties.

His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
 He seeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
 The roof was all with polish'd ivory lin'd,
 That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoise shin'd,
 Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
 The midmost by the beauteous Herse grac'd;
 Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.
 Aglauros first th' approaching god descry'd,
 And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
 And what his business was, and whence he came.
 'I come,' reply'd the god, 'from heav'n, to woo
 'Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;
 'I am the son and messenger of Jove.
 'My name is Mercury, my bus'ness love;

Do you, kind damsel, take a lover's part,
And gain admittance to your sister's heart.'

She star'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
As when she on Minerva's secret gaz'd,
And ask'd a mighty treasure for her hire,
And, till he brings it, makes the god retire.
Minerva griev'd to see the nymph succeed;
And now rememb'ring the late impious deed,
When disobedient to her strict command,
She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand;
In big-swoln sighs her inward rage express'd,
That heav'd the rising Ægis on her breast:
Then sought out Envy in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
Shut from the winds, and from the wholesome skies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.

Directly to the cave her course she steer'd
Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd;
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd.
A pois'nous morsel in her teeth she chew'd
And gor'd the flesh of vipers for her food.
Minerva, loathing, turn'd away her eye;
The hideous monster, rising heavily,
Came stalking forward with a sullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as she saw the goddess gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at such a chearful sight.
Livid and meager were her looks, her eye
In foul distorted glances turn'd awry;

A hoard of gall her inward parts possess'd,
 And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast ;
 Her teeth were brown with rust ; and from her tongue
 In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung.
 She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
 Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep,
 Restless in spite : While watchful to destroy,
 She pines and sickens at another's joy ;
 Foe to herself, distressing and distressed,
 She bears her own tormentor in her breast.
 The goddess gave (for she abhorr'd her sight)
 A short command : ' To Athens speed thy flight :
 ' On curst Aglauros try thy utmost art,
 ' And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart.'
 This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
 And mounting from it with an active bound,
 Flew off to heaven : The hag with eyes askew
 Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew ;
 For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
 At the success which she herself must give.
 Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
 And sails along, in a black whirlwind borne,
 O'er fields and flowery meadows : Where she steers
 Her baneful course, a mighty blast appears,
 Mildews and blights ; the meadows are defac'd,
 The fields, the flowers, and the whole year laid waste ;
 On mortals next, and peopled towns she falls,
 And breathes a burning plague among their walls.
 When Athens she beheld, for arts renoun'd,
 With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
 Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
 To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.

Th' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest,
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress'd.

To execute Minerva's dire command,
She stroak'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
That stung to madness the devoted maid :
Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.

To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate :
Th' imaginary bride appears in state :
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows ;
For Envy magnifies whate'er she shows.

Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day ;
Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
When feebly smitten by the distant sun ;
Or like unwholesome weeds, that set on fire
Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
Given up to envy (for in every thought
The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)
Oft did she call on death, as oft, decreed,
Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
To tell her awful father what had past :
At length before the door herself she cast ;
And sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
A passage to the love-sick god deny'd.
The god carress'd, and for admission pray'd,
And sooth'd in softest words th' envenom'd maid,
In vain he sooth'd : ' Begone ! the maid replies,
' Or here I keep my seat, and never rise.'

' Then keep thy seat for ever, cries the god,
 And touch'd the door, wide opening to his rod.
 Fain would she rise, and stop him, but she found
 Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground ;
 Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
 And marble now appears in every nail.
 As when a cancer in the body feeds,
 And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds ;
 So does the chilness to each vital part
 Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart ;
 'Tis hard'ning every where, and speechless grown,
 She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone ;
 But still her envious hue and sullen mien
 Are in the sedentary figure seen.

E U R O P A ' s R a p e .

WHEN now the god his fury had allay'd,
 And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
 From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
 He mounts aloft, and re-ascends the skies.
 Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
 And, as he mix'd among the croud of gods,
 Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
 And in soft whispers thus his will express'd.

' My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
 ' Thy sire's commands are thro' the world convey'd,
 ' Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
 ' And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course ;
 ' There find a herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
 ' The neighbouring hill, and drive them to the shore.'

Thus spoke the god, concealing his intent:
The trusty Hermes on his message went,
And found the herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
A neighbouring hill, and drove them to the shore;
Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
Of fellow-nymphs, were sporting on the plain.

The dignity of empire laid aside,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride.)
The ruler of the skies, the thund'ring god,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unfally'd by the breath of south'ren skies:
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand:
His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light.
His every look was peaceful, and express'd
The softness of the lover in the beast.

Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white Bull survey'd,
And view'd the spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight.
At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly stroak'd his head.
He stood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neigh'ring strand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand;

And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid ;
Gives her his breast to stroak, and downward turns
His grisly brow, and gently stops his horns.

In flowery wreaths the royal virgin drest
His bending horns, and kindly clap'd his breast.
'Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that she press'd the thunderer,
She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, seated on the god.

He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas ;
Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.

The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
And hears the trembling billows round her roar ;
But still she holds him fast : One hand is born
Upon his back ; the other grasps a horn :
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the Dictæan shore ;
Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
In his true shape he captivates the maid ;
Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
His glowing features, and celestial light,
And all the god discover'd to her sight.

O V I D' s
METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

The Story of CADMUS.

WHEN now Agenor had his daughter lost,
He sent his son to search on every coast;
And sternly bid him to his arms restore
The darling maid, or see his face no more,
But live an exile in a foreign clime;
Thus was the father pious to a crime.

The restless youth search'd all the world around;
But how can Jove in his amours be found?
When tir'd at length with unsuccessful toil,
To shun his angry fire and native soil,
He goes a suppliant to the Delphic dome,
There asks the god what new appointed home
Should end his wand'rings, and his toils relieve.
The Delphic oracles this answer give.

• Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
• Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow;
• Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
• There measure out thy walls, and build thy town,

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‘ And from thy guide Bacotia call the land,
 ‘ In which the destin’d walls and town shall stand.’

No sooner had he left the dark abode,
 Big with the promise of the Delphic god,
 When in the fields the fatal cow he view’d,
 Nor gall’d with yokes nor worn with servitude :
 Her gently at a distance he pursu’d ;
 And as he walk’d aloof, in silence pray’d
 To the great power whose councils he obey’d.
 Her way through flowery Panope she took,
 And now, Cephissus, cross’d thy silver brook ;
 When to the heavens her spacious front she rais’d,
 And bellow’d thrice, then backward turning gaz’d
 On those behind, ’till on the destin’d place
 She stoop’d and couch’d amid the rising grass.

Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
 The new-found mountains, and the nameless vales,
 And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
 To see his new dominions round him lie ;

Then sends his servants to a neighbouring grove
 For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.
 O’er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
 Of aged trees ; in its dark bosom stood
 A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
 O’er-run with brambles, and perplex’d with thorn :
 Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
 With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.

Deep in the dreary den, conceal’d from day,
 Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
 Bloated with poison to a monstrous size ;
 Fire broke in flashes when he glanc’d his eyes :
 His towering crest was glorious to behold,
 His shoulders and his sides were scal’d with gold ;

THE STORY OF CADMUS. 115

Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes;
His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.

The Tyrians in the den for water fought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault:

From side to side their empty urns rebound,
And rouse the sleepy serpent with the sound.

Strait he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;

And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,

And darts his forky tongues, and rolls his glaring
eyes.

The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright,

All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.

Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,

And gazing round him, overlook'd the wood:

Then floating on the ground, in circles roll'd;

Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.

Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size,

The serpent in the polar circle lies,

That stretches over half the northern skies.

In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,

In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:

All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;

Some die entangled in the winding train;

Some are devour'd; or feel a loathsome death,

Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath.

And now the scorching sun was mounted high,

In all its lustre, to the noon-day sky;

When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,

To search the woods th' impatient chief prepares,

A lion's hide around his loins he wore,

The well-pois'd jav'lin to the field he bore

Inur'd to blood ; the far-destroying dart,
And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.

Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He saw his servants breathless on the grass ;
The scaly foe amid their corps he view'd,
Basking at ease, and feasting on their blood.

' Such friends, he cries, deserv'd a longer date ;

' But Cadmus will revenge, or share their fate.'

Then heav'd a stone, and rising to the throw,
He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe ;

A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,

With all its lofty battlements had shook ;

But nothing here the unwieldy rock avails,

Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales,

That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,

With native armour crufted all around.

The pointed jav'lin more successful flew,

Which at his back the raging warrior threw ;

Amid the plaited scales it took its course,

And in the spinal marrow spent its force.

The monster hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,

And writh'd his body to and fro with pain ;

And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away :

The point still buried in the marrow lay.

And now his rage, increasing with his pain,

Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein :

Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,

Whilst in his mouth a blast of vapours flows,

Such as the infernal Stygian waters cast ;

The plants around them wither in the blast.

Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,

Now all unravel'd, and without a fold ;

Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
 Bears down the forest in his boistrous course.
 Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
 Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil ;
 The pointed jav'lin warded off his rage :
 Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
 The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
 'Till blood and venom all the point besmear.
 But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight ;
 For, whilst the champion with redoubled might
 Strikes home the jav'lin, his retiring foe
 Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.

The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke,
 And presses forward, till a knotty oak
 Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear ;
 Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
 That in the extended neck a passage found,
 And pierc'd the solid timber through the wound.
 Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
 Of his huge tail, he lash'd the sturdy oak ;
 'Till spent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
 He now lay twisting in the pangs of death.

Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
 Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood ;
 When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
 (The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)
 ' Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see,
 ' Insulting man ! what thou thyself shalt be ?'
 Astonish'd at the voice, he stood amaz'd,
 And all around with inward horror gaz'd :
 When Pallas swift descending from the skies,
 Pallas the guardian of the bold and wise,

Bids him plow up the field, and scatter round
 The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;
 Then tells the youth how to his wondering eyes
 Embattled armies from the field should rise.

He sows the teeth at Pallas's command,
 And flings the future people from his hand.
 The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows;
 And now the pointed spears advance in rows;
 Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
 Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts;
 O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
 A growing host, a crop of men and arms.

So through the parting stage a figure rears
 Its body up, and limb by limb appears
 By just degrees; 'till all the man arise,
 And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.

Cadmus surpriz'd, and startled at the sight
 Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight:
 When one cry'd out, 'Forbear, fond man, forbear
 'To mingle in a blind promiscuous war.'
 Thus said, he struck his brother to the ground,
 Himself expiring by another's wound;
 Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
 Dying ere scarce he had begun to live.

The dire example ran through all the field,
 'Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
 The furrows swam in blood: And only five
 Of all the vast increase were left alive.
 Echion one, at Pallas's command,
 Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand;
 And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
 Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes:

So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new Bacotian empire birth. [guess'd

Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have
The royal founder in his exile bless'd:
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Allay'd by marriage to the deathless gods:
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increase of childrens children told:
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded blest before he die.

Actæon was the first of all his race,
Who griev'd his grandfire in his borrow'd face;
Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan
The branching horns, and visage not his own;
To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their huntsman to become their prey.
And yet consider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

The Transformation of Actæon into a Stag.

IN a fair chace a shady mountain stood,
Well stor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood.
Here did the huntsmen, till the heat of day,
Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey;
When thus Actæon, calling to the rest;
' My friends, says he, our sport is at the best.
' The sun is high advanc'd, and downward shades
' His burning beams directly on our heads;

' Then by consent abstain from further spoils,
 ' Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils;
 ' And ere to-morrow's sun begins his race,
 ' Take the cool morning to renew the chace.'

They all consent, and in a chearful train
 The jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,
 Return in triumph from the sultry plain.

Down in a vale with pine and cypress clad,
 Refresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with shade,
 The chaste Diana's private haunt, there stood
 Full in the centre of the darksome wood
 A spacious grotto, all around o'ergrown
 With hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice-stone.
 From out its rocky cliffs the waters flow,
 And, trickling, swell into a lake below.
 Nature had every where so play'd her part,
 That every where she seem'd to vie with art.
 Here the bright goddess, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
 Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did she now, with all her train resort,
 Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport;
 Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
 Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil unty'd;
 Each busy nymph her proper part undrest,
 While Crocale, more handy than the rest,
 Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose
 Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose.
 Five of the more ignoble sort by turns
 Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.

Now all undrest the shining goddess stood,
 When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,

To the cool grott by his hard fate betray'd,
 The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd.
 The frighted virgins shriek'd at the surprize,
 (The forest echo'd with their piercing cries.)
 Then in a huddle round their goddess prest:
 She proudly eminent above the rest,
 With blushes glow'd; such blushes as adorn
 The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn;
 And though the crouded nymphs her body hide,
 Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside
 Surpriz'd; at first she would have snatch'd her bow,
 But sees the circling waters round her flow:
 These in the hollow of her hand she took,
 And dash'd them in his face, while thus she spoke:
 'Tell, if thou can'st, the wond'rous sight disclos'd;
 'A goddess naked to thy view expos'd.'

This said, the man begun to disappear
 By slow degrees, and ended in a deer;
 A rising horn on either brow he wears,
 And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
 Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'ergrown,
 His bosom pants with fears before unknown.
 Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
 And wonders why he flies away so fast.
 But as by chance, within a neighbouring brook,
 He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,
 Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone
 He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan;
 And as he wept, within the wat'ry glass,
 He saw the big round drops with silent pace,
 Run trickling down a savage hairy face.

What should he do? Or seek his old abodes,
 Or herd among the deer, and skulk in woods?
 Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
 And each by turns his aching heart assails.

As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
 His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries;
 A generous pack, or to maintain the chace,
 Or snuff the vapour from the scented grafs.

He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
 O'er craggy mountains, and the flow'ry plain;
 Thro' brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
 Through many a ring, where once he did pursue,
 In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
 His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
 Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies,
 From shouting men, and horns, and dogs he flies,
 Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries.

When now the fleetest of the pack, that prest
 Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
 Had fasten'd on him, strait another pair
 Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there.
 Till all the pack came up, and ev'ry hound
 Tore the sad huntsman grov'ling on the ground,
 Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound.

With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
 And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
 His servants with a piteous look he spies,
 And turns about his supplicating eyes.
 His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
 With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
 And call'd their lord Actæon to the game;
 He shook his head in answer to the name,

He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone,
 Or only to have stood a looker on.
 But, to his grief he finds himself too near,
 And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
 Their wretched master, panting in a deer.

The Birth of BACCHUS.

ACTÆON's sufferings, and Diana's rage,
 Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage,
 Some call'd the evils, which Diana wrought,
 Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault;
 Others again esteem'd Actæon's woes
 Fit for a virgin goddess to impose.
 The hearers into different parts divide,
 And reasons are produc'd on either side.
 Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
 Nor would condemn the goddess, nor excuse:
 She heeded not the justice of the deed,
 But joy'd to see the race of Cadmus bleed:
 For still she kept Europa in her mind,
 And, for her sake, detested all her kind.
 Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
 How Semele, to Jove's embrace preferr'd,
 Was now grown big with an immortal load,
 And carry'd in her womb a future god.
 Thus terribly incens'd, the goddess broke
 To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke.

'Are my reproaches of so small a force?
 'Tis time I then pursue another course:

- ‘ It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
- ‘ If I’m indeed the mistress of the sky ;
- ‘ If rightly styl’d among the pow’rs above
- ‘ The wife and sister of the thundering Jove,
- ‘ (And none can sure a sister’s right deny)
- ‘ It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.
- ‘ She boasts an honour I can hardly claim ?
- ‘ Pregnant she rises to a mother’s name ;
- ‘ While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove,
- ‘ And shows the glorious tokens of his love :
- ‘ But if I’m still the mistress of the skies,
- ‘ By her own lover the fond beauty dies.’

This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semele she stood.

Old Beroe’s decrepit shape she wears,
Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs ;
Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurse’s tone.
The goddess, thus disguis’d in age, beguil’d
With pleasing stories her false foster child.
Much did she talk of love, and when she came
To mention to the nymph her lover’s name,
Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
‘ ’Tis well,’ says she, ‘ if all be true that’s said.
‘ But trust me, child, I’m much inclin’d to fear
‘ Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
‘ Many an honest well-designing maid,
‘ Has been by these pretended gods betray’d.
‘ But if he be indeed the thund’ring Jove,
‘ Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
‘ Descend triumphant from th’ ethereal sky
‘ In all the pomp of his divinity ;

' Encompas'd round by those celestial charms,
 ' With which he fills th' immortal Juno's arms.'
 Th' unwary Nymph, ensnar'd with what she said,
 Desir'd of Jove, when next he sought her bed,
 To grant a certain gift which she would chuse;
 ' Fear not,' reply'd the god, ' that I'll refuse
 ' Whate'er you ask: May Styx confirm my voice,
 ' Chuse what you will, and you shall have your choice.'
 ' Then, says the nymph, when next you seek my arms,
 ' May you descend in those celestial charms,
 ' With which your Juno's bosom you enflame,
 ' And fill with transport Heaven's immortal dame.'
 The god surpriz'd would fain have stopt her voice:
 But he had sworn, and she had made her choice:

To keep his promise he ascends, and shrowds
 His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
 Whilst all around, in terrible array,
 His thunders rattle, and his light'nings play.
 And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,
 He set not out in all his pomp and state,
 Clad in the mildest light'ning of the skies,
 And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size:
 Not those huge bolts, by which the Giants slain
 Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain.
 'Twas of a lesser mould, and lighter weight;
 They call it Thunder of a second rate.
 For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command
 Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
 Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,
 And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.

Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th' illustrious god, descending from his height,
Came rushing on her in a storm of light.

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The light'ning's flashes, and the thunder's rage,
Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.

But, to preserve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino first took him for her foster-child;
Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving god.

The Transformation of TIRESIAS.

'T WAS now, while these transactions past on earth
And Bacchus thus procur'd a second birth,
When Jove, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
Of public empire, and the cares of state;
As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
'In troth,' says he, and as he spoke he laugh'd,
'The sense of pleasure in the male is far
'More dull and dead, than what you females share.'
Juno the truth of what was said deny'd;
Tiresias therefore must the cause decide;
For he the pleasure of each sex had try'd.

It happen'd once, within a shady wood,
Two twisted snakes he in conjunction view'd;

When with his staff their slimy folds he broke
 And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke.
 But after seven revolving years, he view'd
 The self-same Serpents in the self-same wood;
 'And if,' says he, 'such virtue in you lie,
 'That he who dares your slimy folds untie
 'Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try.'
 Again he struck the snakes, and stood again
 New-sex'd, and strait recover'd into man.
 Him therefore both the deities create
 The sovereign umpire in their grand debate;
 And he declar'd for Jove: When Juno fir'd,
 More than so trivial an affair requir'd,
 Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight,
 And left him groping round in sudden night.
 But Jove (for so it is in heaven decreed,
 That no one god repeal another's deed;) }
 Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
 And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

The Transformation of Echo.

FAM'D far and near for knowing things to come,
 From him th' inquiring nations sought their doom;
 The fair Liriope his answers try'd,
 And first th' unerring prophet justify'd;
 This Nymph the god Cephissus had abus'd,
 With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
 And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
 Whom the soft maids even then beheld with joy.
 The tender dame, solicitous to know
 Whether her child should reach old age or no,

Consults the sage Tiresias, who replies,
 ' If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies.'
 Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspense,
 'Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.

Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
 Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
 Many a friend the blooming youth carefs'd,
 Many a love-sick maid her flame confests'd.
 Such was his pride, in vain the friend carefs'd,
 The love-sick maid in vain her flame confests'd.

Once, in the woods, as he pursu'd the chace,
 The babbling Echo had descry'd his face;
 She, who in others words her silence breaks,
 Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.
 Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft,
 Of wonted speech; for tho' her voice was left,
 Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
 To sport with every sentence in the close.
 Full often, when the goddess might have caught
 Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
 This Nymph with subtle stories would delay
 Her coming, 'till the lovers slipp'd away.
 The goddess found out the deceit in time;
 And then she cry'd, ' That tongue, for this thy crime,
 ' Which could so many subtle tales produce,
 ' Shall be hereafter but of little use.'
 Hence 'tis she prattles, in a fainter tone,
 With mimic sounds, and accents not her own.

This love-sick virgin, over-joy'd to find
 The boy alone, still follow'd him behind;
 When glowing warmly at her near approach,
 As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,

She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
 And tell her pains, but had not words to tell;
 She cann't begin, but waits for the rebound,
 To catch his voice, and to resound the found.

The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,
 Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,
 Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
 In solitary caves and dark abodes;
 Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
 'Till harrafs'd out, and worn away with care,
 The founding skeleton, of blood bereft,
 Besides her bones and voice had nothing left.
 Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
 In vaults, where still it doubles every sound.

The Story of NARCISSUS.

Thus did the nymphs in vain carefs the boy,
 He still was lovely, but he still was coy;
 When one fair virgin of the slighted train
 Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his disdain.
 'Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!' }
 Rhamnusia pity'd the neglected fair,
 And with just vengeance answer'd to her prayer.

There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
 Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;
 Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
 Unfully'd by the touch of men or beasts;
 High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
 And rising grass and chearful greens below.
 Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
 And over-heated by the morning chace,

Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies :
 But whilst within the chrystal fount he tries
 To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise,
 For as his own bright image he survey'd,
 He fell in love with the fantastic shade ;
 And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
 Nor knew, fond youth ! it was himself he lov'd.
 The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
 The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes ;
 The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
 And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,
 With all the purple youthfulness of face,
 That gently blushes in the wat'ry glass.
 By his own flames consum'd the lover lies,
 And gives himself the wound by which he dies.

To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
 Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
 His arms, as often from himself he slips.
 Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
 With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
 Who could, fond youth, this helpless passion move ?
 What kindle in thee this unpity'd love ?
 Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
 With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
 Its empty being on thyself relies ;
 Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,
 Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food ;
 Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.
 At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
 To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain :

' You trees, says he, and thou furrounding grove,
 ' Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
 ' Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lie
 ' A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I?
 ' I who before me see the charming fair,
 ' Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there:
 ' In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost;
 ' And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast,
 ' Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
 ' No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
 ' A shallow water hinders my embrace;
 ' And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
 ' That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
 ' My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
 ' Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
 ' Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
 ' My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd,
 ' O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.
 ' But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns
 ' With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
 ' Whene'er I stoop, he offers at a kiss,
 ' And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.
 ' His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps,
 ' He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
 ' Whene'er I speak, his moving lips appear
 ' To utter something, which I cannot hear.
 ' Ah wretched me! I now begin too late
 ' To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;
 ' It is myself I love, myself I see;
 ' The gay delusion is a part of me.
 ' I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
 ' And my own beauties from the well return.

' Whom should I court? how utter my complaint?
 ' Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
 ' And too much plenty makes me die for want.
 ' How gladly would I from myself remove!
 ' And at a distance set the thing I love.
 ' My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,
 ' I wish him absent whom I most desire.
 ' And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
 ' In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
 ' Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.
 ' O might the visionary youth survive,
 ' I should with joy my latest breath resign!
 ' But oh! I see his fate involv'd in mine.'

This said, the weeping youth again return'd
 To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd.
 His tears defac'd the surface of the well,
 With circle after circle, as they fell:
 And now the lovely face but half appears,
 O'er-run with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
 ' Ah whether, cries, Narcissus, dost thou fly?
 ' Let me still feed the flame by which I die;
 ' Let me still see, though I'm no further blest.'
 Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast:
 His naked bosom redden'd with the blow,
 In such a blush as purple clusters show,
 Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine
 Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
 The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
 And with a new redoubled passion dies.
 As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
 And trickle into drops before the sun,

So melts the youth, and languishes away ;
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,
And none of those attractive charms remain,
To which the slighted Echo su'd in vain.

She saw him in his present misery,
Whom, spight of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.
She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every groan :
' Ah youth ! belov'd in vain, Narcissus cries ;
' Ah youth ! belov'd in vain, the nymph replies.
' Farewell, says he : ' The parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, but she reply'd, ' Farewel.'
Then on th'unwolsome earth he gasping lies,
'Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
And in the Stygian waves itself admires.

From him the Naiads and the Dryades mourn,
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn :
And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn ;
When, looking for his corps, they only found
A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crown'd.

The Story of PENTHEUS.

THIS sad event gave blind Tiresias fame,
Through Greece establish'd in a prophet's name.

'Th'unhallow'd Pentheus only durst deride
The cheated people, and their eyeless guide.
To whom the prophet in his fury said,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head,
' 'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for thee
' If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me :

' For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
 ' When the young god's solemnities appear;
 ' Which if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
 ' Thy impious carcase, into pieces torn,
 ' Shall strew the woods, and hang on every thorn.
 ' Then, then, remember what I now foretel,
 ' And now the blind Tiresias saw too well.'
 Still Pentheus scorns him, and derides his skill;
 But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil.
 For now thro' prostrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
 Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god.
 All ranks and sexes to his orgies ran,
 To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.
 When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd;
 ' What madness, Thebans, has your souls possess'd;
 ' Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
 ' And the loud clamours of a beastly rout,
 ' Thus quell your courage? can the weak alarm
 ' Of women's yells these stubborn souls disarm,
 ' Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
 ' Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
 ' And you, our fires, who left your old abodes,
 ' And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods;
 ' Will you without a stroke your city yield,
 ' And poorly quit an undisputed field?
 ' But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire
 ' Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
 ' Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace,
 ' Not flowery garlands and a painted face;
 ' Remember him to whom you stand ally'd:
 ' The serpent for his well of waters dy'd.
 ' He fought the strong; do you his courage show,
 ' And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.

' If Thebes must fall, oh might the fates afford
 ' A nobler doom from famine, fire, or sword!
 ' Then might the Thebans perish with renown:
 ' But now a beardless victor sacks the town;
 ' Whom nor the prancing steed, nor pond'rous shield,
 ' Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
 ' But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
 ' The purple vests and flowery garlands please.
 ' Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
 ' Renounce his god-head, and confess the cheat.
 ' Acrisius from the Grecian walls repell'd
 ' This boasted power; why then should Pentheus yield?
 ' Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me;
 ' I'll try the force of his divinity.'

Thus did th' audacious wretch those rites profane;
 His friends dissuade th' audacious wretch in vain;
 In vain his grandfire urg'd him to give o'er
 His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.

So have I seen a river gently glide,
 In a smooth course, and inoffensive tide;
 But if with dams its current we restrain,
 It bears down all, and foams along the plain.

But now his servants came besmear'd with blood,
 Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god;
 The god they found not in the frantic throng,
 But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

The Mariners transformed to Dolphins.

HIM Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
 And scarce with-held his hands, while thus he spoke,

‘ Vile slave! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
‘ And terrify thy base seditious crew :

‘ Thy country, and thy parentage reveal,

‘ And, why thou join’st in these mad orgies, tell.’

The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And arm’d with inward innocence, replies.

‘ From high Meonia’s rocky shores I came,

‘ Of poor descent, Accætes is my name :

‘ My sire was meanly born ; no oxen plow’d

‘ His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low’d.

‘ His whole estate within the waters lay ;

‘ With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.

‘ His art was all his livelihood ; which he

‘ Thus with his dying lips bequeath’d to me ;

‘ In streams, my boy, and rivers take thy chance ;

‘ There swims, said he, thy whole inheritance.

‘ Long did I live on this poor legacy ;

‘ Till tir’d with rocks, and my own native sky,

‘ To arts of navigation I inclin’d ;

‘ Observ’d the turns and changes of the wind :

‘ Learn’d the fit havens, and began to note

‘ The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,

‘ The bright Taygete, and the shining Bears,

‘ With all the sailor’s catalogue of stars.

‘ Once, as by chance for Delos I design’d,

‘ My vessel, driven by a strong gust of wind,

‘ Moor’d in a Chian creek ; ashore I went,

‘ And all the following night in Chios spent.

‘ When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring

‘ Supplies of water from a neighb’ring spring,

‘ Whilst I the motion of the winds explor’d ;

‘ Then summon’d in my crew, and went aboard.

- ‘ Opheltes heard my summons, and with joy
 ‘ Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,
 ‘ With more than female sweetness in his look,
 ‘ Whom straggling in the neighb’ring fields he took.
 ‘ With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
 ‘ And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.
 ‘ I view’d him nicely, and began to trace
 ‘ Each heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
 ‘ And saw divinity in all his face.
 ‘ I know not who, said I, this god should be ;
 ‘ But that he is a god I plainly see :
 ‘ And thou, who-e’er thou art, excuse the force
 ‘ These men have us’d ; and oh befriend our course !
 ‘ Pray not for us, the nimble Dictys cry’d ;
 ‘ Dictys, that could the main-top-mast bestride,
 ‘ And down the ropes with active vigour slide.
 ‘ To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,
 ‘ Who over-look’d the oars, and timed the stroke ;
 ‘ The same the pilot, and the same the rest ;
 ‘ Such impious avarice their souls possess.
 ‘ Nay, heaven forbid that I should bear away
 ‘ Within my vessel so divine a prey,
 ‘ Said I ; and stood to hinder their intent :
 ‘ When Lycabas, a wretch for murder sent
 ‘ From Tuscany, to suffer banishment,
 ‘ With his clench’d fist had struck me over-board,
 ‘ Had not my hands in falling, grasp’d a cord.
 ‘ His base confederates the fact approve ;
 ‘ When Bacchus (for ’twas he) begun to move,
 ‘ Wak’d by the noise and clamours which they rais’d ;
 ‘ And shook his drousy limbs, and round him gaz’d :

- ' What means this noise? he cries; am I betray'd?
 ' Ah! whither, whither must I be convey'd?
 ' Fear not, said Proreus, child, but tell us where
 ' You wish to land, and trust our friendly care.
 ' To Naxos then direct your course, said he;
 ' Naxos a hospitable port shall be
 ' To each of you, a joyful home to me.
 ' By every god that rules the sea or sky,
 ' The perjur'd villains promise to comply,
 ' And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
 ' With eager joy I launch into the deep;
 ' And headless of the fraud, for Naxos stand:
 ' They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
 ' And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
 ' To tack about, and steer another way.
 ' Then let some other to my post succeed,
 ' Said I, I'm guiltless of so foul a deed.
 ' What, says Ethalion, must the ship's whole crew
 ' Follow your humour, and depend on you?
 ' And strait himself he seated at the prore,
 ' And tack'd about, and sought another shore.
 ' The beauteous youth now found himself betray'd,
 ' And from the deck the rising waves survey'd,
 ' And seem'd to weep, and as he wept, he said;
 ' And do you thus my easy faith beguile?
 ' Thus do you bear me to my native isle?
 ' Will such a multitude of men employ
 ' Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?
 ' In vain did I the god-like youth deplore,
 ' The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.
 ' And now by all the gods in heaven that hear
 ' This solemn oath, by Bacchus' self, I swear,

' The mighty miracle that did ensue,
 ' Although it seems beyond belief, is true.
 ' The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
 ' Unmov'd by all the beating billows stood.
 ' In vain the mariners would plough the main,
 ' With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain;
 ' Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
 ' And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves;
 ' The sails are cover'd with a chearful green,
 ' And berries in the fruitful canvass seen.
 ' Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
 ' Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.

' The god we now behold with open eyes;
 ' A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
 ' In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread
 ' On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
 ' And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
 ' My mates, surpriz'd with madness or with fear,
 ' Leap'd over board; first perjur'd Madon found
 ' Rough scales and fins his stiff'ning sides surround;
 ' Ah what, cries one, has thus transform'd thy look?
 ' Strait his own mouth grew wider as he spoke;
 ' And now himself he views with like surprize.
 ' Still at his oar th' industrious Libys plies;
 ' But, as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
 ' And, by degrees, is fashion'd to a fin.
 ' Another, as he catches at a cord,
 ' Misses his arms, and, tumbling over-board,
 ' With his broad fins and forked tail, he laves
 ' The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
 ' Thus all the crew transform'd around the ship,
 ' Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
 ' And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.

' Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
 ' A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play.
 ' I only in my proper shape appear,
 ' Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,
 ' Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more.
 ' With him I landed on the Chian shore,
 ' And him shall ever gratefully adore.'

' This forging slave,' says Pentheus, ' would prevail
 ' O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale :
 ' Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
 ' And in the tortures of the rack expire.'

Th' officious servants hurry him away,
 And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
 But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
 The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd ;
 At liberty th' unfetter'd captive stands,
 And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

The Death of PENTHEUS.

BUT Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
 Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
 But went himself to the distracted throng,
 Where high Cithaeron echo'd with their song.
 And as the fiery war-horse paws the ground,
 And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound ;
 Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
 And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.

A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
 Level and wide, and skirted round with wood ;

Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
 The howling dames and mystic orgies spies.
 His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
 And kindled into madness as she view'd :
 Her leafy jav'lin at her son she cast,
 And cries, ' The boar that lays our country waste !
 ' The boar, my sisters ! aim the fatal dart,
 ' And strike the brindled monster to the heart.'

Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
 And sees the yelling matrons gath'ring round ;
 He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
 And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
 ' Help, help ! my aunt Autonoe, he cry'd ;
 ' Remember how your own Actaeon dy'd.'
 Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
 One stretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops.
 In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
 And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view :
 His mother howl'd ; and heedless of his pray'r,
 Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,
 ' And this,' she cry'd, ' shall be Agave's share.'
 When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
 And in her hands the ghastly visage bore,
 With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey ;
 Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
 As starting in the pangs of death it lay.
 Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
 Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
 With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
 And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain.

By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
 The Thebans tremble, and confess the god.

O V I D's
METAMORPHOSES.

B O O K IV.

The Story of SALMACIS and HERMA-
PHRODITUS.

HOW Salmacis, with weak enfeebling streams
Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
And what the secret cause shall here be shown;
The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.

The Naiads nurs'd an infant heretofore,
That Cythera once to Hermes bore;
From both th' illustrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents thro' the infant's face.
When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native seat,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil:
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
With eager steps the Lycian fields he cross'd,
And fields that border on the Lycian coast;

A river here he view'd so lovely bright,
 It shew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
 Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight.
 The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze, nor weeds,
 Nor miry rushes, nor the spiky reeds;
 But dealt enriching moisture all around,
 The fruitful banks with chearful verdure crown'd,
 And kept the spring eternal on the ground.
 A nymph presides, nor practis'd in the chace,
 Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race;
 Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the main,
 The only stranger to Diana's train:
 Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry,
 ' Fie, Salmacis, what, always idle! fie,
 ' Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
 ' And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease.'
 Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize,
 Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease.
 But oft would bathe her in the chrystal tide,
 Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
 Now in the limpid streams she view'd her face,
 And dress her image in the floating glass:
 On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
 Now gather'd flow'rs that grew about her streams;
 And then by chance was gath'ring, as she stood
 To view the boy, and long'd for what she view'd.

Fain would she meet the youth with hasty feet,
 She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
 Before her looks were set with nicest care,
 And well deserv'd to be reputed fair.
 ' Bright youth,' she cries, ' whom all thy features prove
 ' A god, and, if a god, the God of Love;

' But if a mortal, blest thy nurse's breast,
 ' Blest are thy parents, and thy sisters blest :
 ' But oh how blest ! how more than blest thy bride,
 ' Ally'd in blifs, if any yet ally'd.
 ' If so, let mine the stol'n enjoyments be :
 ' If not, behold a willing bride in me.'

The boy knew nought of love, and touch'd with shame,
 He strove, and blush'd, but still the blush became ;
 In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose ;
 The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,
 And such the moon, when all her silver white
 Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.
 The nymph still begs, if not a nobler blifs,
 A cold salute at least, a sister's kifs :
 And now prepares to take the lovely boy
 Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
 Replies, ' Or leave me to myself alone,
 ' You rude uncivil nymph, or I'll be gone.
 ' Fair stranger then,' says she, ' it shall be so ;'
 And, for she fear'd his threats, she feign'd to go ;
 But hid within a covert's neighbouring green,
 She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.
 The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
 And innocently sports about the shore ;
 Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,
 And dips his foot, and shivers as he dips.
 The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste
 His airy garments on the banks he cast ;
 His godlike features, and his heav'nly hue,
 And all his beauties were expos'd to view.

His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,
While hotter passions in her bosom rise,
Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.
She longs, she burns to clasp him in her arms,
And looks, and sighs, and kindles at his charms.

Now all undrest upon the banks he stood,
And clapt his sides, and leapt into the flood:
His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;
As lilies shut within a chrystal case,
Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.
'He's mine, he's all my own,' the Naiad cries,
And flings off all, and after him she flies.
And now she fastens on him as he swims,
And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs,
The more the boy resisted, and was coy,
The more she clipt, and kist the struggling boy.
So when the wrigling snake is snatch'd on high
In eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.

The restless boy still obstinately strove
To free himself, and still refus'd her love.
Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs intwin'd,
'And why, coy youth,' she cries, 'why thus unkind!
'Oh may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!
'Oh may we never, never part again!' }
So pray'd the nymph, nor did she pray in vain:
For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,
Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast;
Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:

Last in one face are both their faces join'd,
 As when the stock and grafted twin combin'd
 Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind :
 Both bodies in a single body mix,
 A single body with a double sex.

The boy, thus lost in woman, now survey'd
 The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd.
 (He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,
 Surpriz'd to hear a voice but half his own)
 You parent gods, whose heav'nly names I bear,
 Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my pray'r ;
 Oh grant, that whomsoe'r these streams contain,
 If man he enter'd he may rise again
 Supple, unfinew'd, and but half a man !

The heav'nly parents answer'd from on high,
 Their two-shap'd son, the double votary ;
 Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,
 And ting'd its source to make his wishes good.

N O T E S

ON SOME OF THE

FOREGOING STORIES

I N

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

On the Story of PHAETON, pag. 76.

TH E story of Phaeton is told with a greater air of majesty and grandeur than any other in all Ovid. It is indeed the most important subject he treats of, except the deluge ; and I cannot but believe that this is the conflagration he hints at in the first book ;

*Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur, affore tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia coeli
Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laboret ;*

(though the learned apply those verses to the future burning of the world) for it fully answers that description, if the

———*Coeli miserere tui ; circumspice utrumque,
Fumat uterque polus.*

‘ Fumat uterque polus’——comes up to ‘ correptaque
‘ regia coeli’——Besides, it is Ovid's custom to prepare

the reader for a following story, by giving some intimations of it in a foregoing one, which was more particularly necessary to be done before he led us into so strange a story as this he is now upon.

P. 76. l. 7. *For in the portal, &c.*] We have here the picture of the universe drawn in little.

———Balaenarumque prementum
Ægeona suis immania terga lacertis.

Ægeon makes a diverting figure in it.

———Facies non omnibus una
Nec diversa tamen : Qualem decet esse sororum.

The thought is very pretty, of giving Doris and her daughters such a difference in their looks as is natural to different persons, and yet such a likeness as showed their affinity.

Terra viros, urbesque gerit, sylvasque, ferasque,
Fluminaque, et Nymphas, et caetera numina Ruris.

The less important figures are well huddled together in the promiscuous description at the end, which very well represents what the painters call a groupe.

———Circum caput omne micantes
Deposuit radios ; propiusque accedere iussit.

P. 77. l. last. *And flung the blaze, &c.*] It gives us a great image of Phoebus, that the youth was forced to look on him at a distance, and not able to approach him till he had laid aside the circle of rays that cast such a glory about his head. And, indeed, we may

every where observe in Ovid, that he never fails of a due loftiness in his ideas, though he wants it in his words. And this I think infinitely better than to have sublime expressions and mean thoughts, which is generally the true character of Claudian and Statius. But this is not considered by them who run down Ovid in the gross, for a low middle way of writing. What can be more simple and unadorned, than his description of Enceladus in the sixth book?

Nititur ille quidem, pugnatque resurgere saepe,
Dextra sed Ausonio manus est subjecta Peloro,
Laeva Pachyne tibi, Lilibaeo crura premuntur,
Degravat Aetna caput, sub qua resupinus arenas
Ejectat, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhaeus.

But the image we have here is truly great and sublime, of a giant vomiting out a tempest of fire, and heaving up all Sicily, with the body of an island upon his breast, and a vast promontory on either arm.

There are few books that have had worse commentators on them than Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Those of the graver sort have been wholly taken up in the mythologies, and think they have appeared very judicious, if they have shewn us, out of an old author, that Ovid is mistaken in a pedigree, or has turned such a person into a wolf, that ought to have been made a tyger. Others have employed themselves on what never entered into the poet's thoughts, in adapting a dull moral to every story, and making the persons of his poems to be only nick-names for such virtues or vices; particularly the pious commentator, Alexander Ross, has dived deeper into our author's design than

any of the rest; for he discovers in him the greatest mysteries of the Christian religion, and finds, almost in every page, some typical representations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. But, if these writers have gone too deep, others have been wholly employed in the surface, most of them serving only to help out a school-boy in the construing part; or, if they go out of their way, it is only to mark out the Gnomae of the author, as they call them, which are generally the heaviest pieces of a poet, distinguished from the rest by Italian characters. The best of Ovid's expositors is he that wrote for the Dauphin's use, who has very well shewn the meaning of the author, but seldom reflects on his beauties or imperfections; for in most places he rather acts the geographer than the critic; and, instead of pointing out the fineness of a description, only tells you in what part of the world the place is situated. I shall therefore only consider Ovid under the character of a poet, and endeavour to shew him impartially, without the usual prejudices of a translator; which I am the more willing to do, because I believe such a comment would give the reader a truer taste of poetry than a comment on any other poet would do; for, in reflecting on the ancient poets, men think they may venture to praise all they meet with in some, and scarce any thing in others; but Ovid is confessed to have a mixture of both kinds, to have something of the best and worst poets, and, by consequence, to be the fairest subject for criticism.

P. 78. l. 13. *My son, says he, &c.*] Phoebus's speech is very nobly usher'd in, with the 'Terque quaterque

Concutiens illustre caput'——and well represents the danger and difficulty of the undertaking; but that which is its peculiar beauty, and makes it truly Ovid's, is the representing them just as a father would to his young son.

Per tamen adversi gradieris cornua Tauri,
Haemoniosque arcus, violentique ora Leonis,
Saevaue circuitu curvantem brachia longo
Scorpion, atque aliter curvantem brachia Cancrum.

For one while he scares him with bugbears in the way:

—— Vasti quoque rector Olympi,
Qui fera terribili jaculetur fulmina dextra
Non agat hos currus; et quid Jove majus habetur?

Deprecor hoc unum, quod vero nomine Poena,
Non honor est. Poenam, Phaeton, pro munere
poscis:

and in other places perfectly tattles like a father, which by the way makes the length of the speech very natural, and concludes with all the fondness and concern of a tender parent.

—Patrio Pater esse metu probor; aspice vultus.
Ecce meos: Utinamque oculos in pectora posses
Inferere, et Patrias intus deprendere curas! &c.

P. 80. l. 13. *A golden axle, &c.*] Ovid has more turns and repetitions in his words than any of the Latin poets, which are always wonderfully easy and natural in him. The repetition of Aureus, and the transition to Argenteus, in the description of the

chariot, gives these verses a great sweetness and majesty.

Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summae
Curvatura rotæ; radiorum argenteus ordo.

P. 81. l. 7. *Drive them not on directly, &c.*] Several have endeavoured to vindicate Ovid against the old objection, that he mistakes the annual for the diurnal motion of the sun. The Dauphin's notes tell us, that Ovid knew very well the sun did not pass through all the signs he names in one day, but that he makes Phœbus mention them only to frighten Phaeton from the undertaking. But, though this may answer for what Phœbus says in his first speech, it cannot for what is said in this, where he is actually giving directions for his journey, and plainly,

Sectus in obliquum est lato Curvamine limes,
Zonarumque trium contentus fine, polumque,
Effugito australem, junctamque Aquilonibus Arcton.
describes the motion through all the Zodiac.

P. 81. l. 23. *And not my chariot, &c.*] Ovid's verse is 'Consiliis non Curribus utere nostris.' This way of joining two such different ideas as chariot and counsel to the same verb is mightily used by Ovid; but is a very low kind of wit, and has always in it a mixture of pun, because the verb must be taken in a different sense when it is joined with one of the things, from what it has in conjunction with the other. Thus, in the end of this story he tells you, that Jupiter flung a

thunderbolt at Phaeton—— ‘*Pariterque, animaque, totisque expulit Aurigam,*’ where he makes a forced piece of Latin (*Anima expulit aurigam*) that he may couple the soul and the wheels to the same verb.

P. 82. l. 17. *The youth was in a maze, &c.*] It is impossible for a man to be drawn in a greater confusion than Phaeton is; but the antithesis of light and darkness a little flattens the description. ‘*Suntque Oculis tenebrae per tantum lumen abortae.*’

Ibid. l. 20. *Then the seven stars, &c.*] I wonder none of Ovid’s commentators have taken notice of the oversight he has committed in this verse, where he makes the Triones grow warm before there was ever such a sign in the heavens; for he tells us in this very book, that Jupiter turned Calisto into this constellation, after he had repaired the ruins that Phaeton had made in the world.

P. 84. l. 12. *Athos and Tmolus, &c.*] Ovid has here, after the way of the old poets, given us a catalogue of the mountains and rivers which were burnt. But, that I might not tire the English reader, I have left out some of them that make no figure in the description, and inverted the order of the rest, according as the smoothness of my verse required.

P. 85. l. 5. ‘*’Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor, &c.*] This is the only Metamorphosis in all this long story, which, contrary to custom, is inserted in the middle of it. The critics may determine whether

what follows it be not too great an excursion in him, who proposes it, as his whole design, to let us know the changes of things. I dare say, that, if Ovid had not religiously observed the reports of the antient mythologists, we should have seen Phaeton turned into some creature or other that hates the light of the sun; or perhaps into an eagle that still takes pleasure to gaze on it.

Ibid. l. 26. *The frightened Nile, &c.*] Ovid has made a great many pleasant images towards the latter end of this story. His verses on the Nile

Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem,
Occulitque caput, quod adhuc latet : Ostia septem
Pulverulenta vacant, septem sine flumine valles,

are as noble as Virgil could have written ; but then he ought not to have mentioned the channel of the sea afterwards,

Mare contrahitur, siccaeque est campus arenae ;

because the thought is too near the other. The image of the Cyclades is a very pretty one ;

—Quosque altum texerat aequor
Existunt montes, et sparsas Cycladas augment :

But to tell us that the swans grew warm in Caystor,

—Medio volucres caluere Caystro,

and that the Dolphins durst not leap,

—Nec se super aquora curvi

Tollere consuetas audent Delphines in auras,

is intolerably trivial on so great a subject as the burning of the world.

P. 86. l. 17. *The Earth at length, &c.*] We have here a speech of the Earth, which will doubtless seem very unnatural to an English reader. It is, I believe, the boldest *Prosopopoeia* of any in the old poets; or, if it were never so natural, I cannot but think she speaks too much in any reason for one in her condition.

On EUROPA'S Rape, Pag. 110.

L. 7. *The dignity of empire, &c.*] This story is prettily told, and very well brought in by those two serious lines,

Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur,
Majestas et amor. Sceptri gravitate relictâ, &c.

without which the whole fable would have appeared very prophane.

P. 112. l. 15. *The frightened Nymph looks, &c.*] This consternation and behaviour of Europa,

—Elusam designat imagine tauri
Europen; verum taurum, freta vera putaras.
Ipsa videbatur terras spectare relictas,
Et comites clamare suas, tactumque vereri
Assilientis aquae, timidæque reducere plantas;

is better described in Arachne's picture in the sixth book, than it is here, and in the beginning of Tatius

his Clitophon and Leucippe, than in either place. It is indeed usual among the Latin poets (who had more art and reflection than the Grecian) to take hold of all opportunities to describe the picture of any place or action, which they generally do better than they could the place or action itself; because, in the description of a picture, you have a double subject before you, either to describe the picture itself, or what is represented in it.

On the Stories in the Third Book, Pag. 113.

F A B. I.

There is so great a variety in the arguments of the Metamorphoses, that he who would treat of them rightly, ought to be a master of all styles, and every different way of writing. Ovid indeed shews himself most in a familiar story, where the chief grace is to be easy and natural; but wants neither strength of thought nor expression, when he endeavours after it, in the more sublime and manly subjects of his poem. In the present fable, the serpent is terribly described, and his behaviour very well imagined, the actions of both parties in the encounter are natural, and the language that represents them more strong and masculine than what we usually meet with in this poet: If there be any faults in the narration, they are these, perhaps, which follow.

P. 115. l. 14. *Spire above Spire, &c.*] Ovid, to make his serpent more terrible, and to raise the character of his champion, has given too great a loose to

his imagination, and exceeded all the bounds of probability. He tells us, that when he raised up but half his body, he over-looked a tall forest of oaks, and that his whole body was as large as that of the serpent in the skies. None but a madman would have attacked such a monster as this is described to be; nor can we have any notion of a mortal's standing against him. Virgil is not ashamed of making Æneas fly and tremble at the sight of a far less formidable foe, where he gives us the description of Polyphemus in the third book; he knew very well that a monster was not a proper enemy for his hero to encounter: But we should certainly have seen Cadmus hewing down the Cyclops, had he fallen in Ovid's way; or if Statius's little Tydeus had been thrown on Sicily, it is probable he would not have spared one of the whole brotherhood.

—Phoenicas, five illi tela parabant,
Sive fugam, five ipse timor prohibebat utrumque,
Occupat :—

P. 115. l. 21. *In vain the Tyrians, &c.*] The poet could not keep up his narration all along, in the grandeur and magnificence of an heroic style: He has here sunk into the flatness of prose, where he tells us the behaviour of the Tyrians at the sight of the serpent:

—Tegimen direpta leoni
Pellis erat; telum splendenti Lancea ferro,
Et jaculum; teloque animas praestantior omni.

And, in a few lines after, lets drop the majesty of his verse, for the sake of one of his little turns. How does

he languish in that which seems a laboured line! 'Tristia sanguinea lambentem vulnera lingua.' And what pains does he take to express the serpent's breaking the force of the stroke, by shrinking back from it!

Sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retrahebat ab ictu,
Laesaque colla dabat retro, plagamque sedere
Cedendo fecit, nec longius ire sinebat.

P. 118. l. 6. *And flings the future, &c.*] The description of the men rising out of the ground is as beautiful a passage as any in Ovid: It strikes the imagination very strongly; we see their motion in the first part of it, and their multitude in the *messis virorum* at last.

P. *ibid.* l. 11. *The breathing harvest, &c.*] 'Messis clypeata virorum.' The beauty in these words would have been greater, had only *messis virorum* been expressed without *clypeata*; for the reader's mind would have been delighted with two such different ideas compounded together, but can scarce attend to such a complete image as is made out of all three.

This way of mixing two different ideas together in one image, as it is a great surprize to the reader, is a great beauty in poetry, if there be sufficient ground for it in the nature of the thing that is described. The Latin poets are very full of it, especially the worst of them, for the more correct use it but sparingly, as indeed the nature of things will seldom afford a just occasion for it. When any thing we describe has accidentally in it some quality that seems re-

pugnant to its nature, or is very extraordinary and uncommon in things of that species, such a compounded image as we are now speaking of is made, by turning this quality into an epithet of what we describe. Thus Claudian, having got a hollow ball of chrystal, with water in the midst of it, for his subject, takes the advantage of considering the chrystal as hard, stony, precious water, and the water as soft, fluid, imperfect chrystal; and thus sports off above a dozen epigrams, in setting his words and ideas at variance among one another. He has a great many beauties of this nature in him; but he gives himself up so much to this way of writing, that a man may easily know where to meet with them when he sees his subject, and often strains so hard for them, that he many times makes his descriptions bombastic and unnatural. What work would he have made with Virgil's golden bough, had he been to describe it? We should certainly have seen the yellow bark, golden sprouts, radiant leaves, blooming metal, branching gold, and all the quarrels that could have been raised between words of such different natures; when we see Virgil contented with his 'Auri frondentis;' and what is the same, though much finer expressed,—'Frondeſcit virga Metallo.' This composition of different ideas is often met with in a whole sentence, where circumstances are happily reconciled that seem wholly foreign to each other; and is often found among the Latin poets, (for the Greeks wanted art for it), in their descriptions of pictures, images, dreams, apparitions, metamorphoses, and the like; where they bring together two such thwarting ideas, by making one part of their descriptions relate

to the representation, and the other to the thing that is represented. Of this nature is that verse, which, perhaps, is the wittiest in Virgil; ‘Attollens humeris
 ‘Famamque et Fata nepotum,’ *Æn.* 8. where he describes Æneas carrying on his shoulders the reputation and fortunes of his posterity; which, though very odd and surprising, is plainly made out, when we consider how these disagreeing ideas are reconciled, and his posterity’s fame and fate made portable by being engraven on the shield. Thus, when Ovid tells us that Pallas tore in pieces Arachne’s work, where she had embroidered all the rapes that the gods had committed, he says;—‘Rupit coelestia crimina.’ I shall conclude this tedious reflection with an excellent stroke of this nature, out of Mr Montagu’s poem to the king; where he tells us how the king of France would have been celebrated by his subjects, if he had ever gained such an honourable wound as King William’s at the fight of the Boyn:

His bleeding arm had furnish’d all their rooms,
 And run for ever purple in the looms.

F A B. II.

P. 119. l. 3. *Here Cadmus reign’d.*] This is a pretty solemn transition to the story of Actæon, which is all naturally told. The goddess, and her maids undressing her, are described with diverting circumstances. Actæon’s flight, confusion, and griefs, are passionately represented; but it is pity the whole narration should be so carelessly closed up.

——— Ut abesse queruntur,
 Nec capere oblatae segnem spectacula praedae.
 Vellet abesse quidem, sed adest, velletque videre,
 Non etiam sentire, Canum fera facta suorum.

P. 122. l. 7. *A generous pack, &c.*] I have not here troubled myself to call over Actaeon's pack of dogs in rhyme; Spot and Whitefoot make but a mean figure in heroic verse, and the Greek names Ovid uses would sound a great deal worse. He closes up his own catalogue with a kind of jest on it, 'Quosque re-ferre mora est'———which, by the way, is too light and full of humour for the other serious parts of this story.

This way of inserting catalogues of proper names in their poems, the Latins took from the Greeks, but have made them more pleasant than those they imitate, by adapting so many delightful characters to their persons names; in which part Ovid's copiousness of invention, and great insight into nature, has given him the precedence to all the poets that ever came before or after him. The smoothness of our English verse is too much lost by the repetition of proper names, which is otherwise very natural, and absolutely necessary in some cases; as, before a battle, to raise in our minds an answerable expectation of the event, and a lively idea of the numbers that are engaged. For, had Homer or Virgil only told us in two or three lines before their fights, that there were forty thousand of each side, our imagination could not possibly have been so affected, as when we see every leader singled

out, and every regiment in a manner drawn up before our eyes.

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Ovid seems particularly pleased with the subject of this story, but has notoriously fallen into a fault he is often taxed with, of not knowing when he has said enough, by his endeavouring to excel. How has he turned and twisted that one thought of Narcissus's being the person beloved, and the lover too?

Cunctaque miratur quibus est mirabilis ipse.

—Qui probat, ipse probatur.

Dumque petit, petitur; pariterque incendit et ardet,

Atque oculos idem qui decipit, incitat error.

Perque oculos perit ipse suos——

Uror amore mei; flammam moveoque feroque, &c.

But we cannot meet with a better instance of the extravagance and wantonness of Ovid's fancy, than in that particular circumstance at the end of the story, of Narcissus's gazing on his face after death in the Stygian waters. The design was very bold, of making a boy fall in love with himself here on earth; but, to torture him with the same passion after death, and not to let his ghost rest in quiet, was intolerably cruel and uncharitable.

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Este, precor memores, qua sitis stirpe creati;
 Illiusque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,
 Sumite serpentis; pro fontibus ille, lacuque
 Interiit; at vos pro fama vincite vestra.
 Ille dedit letho fortes, vos pellite molles,
 Et patrium revocate decus.——

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The story of Acetus has abundance of nature in all the parts of it, as well in the description of his own parentage and employment, as in that of the

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Ovid has two very good similes on Pentheus, where he compares him to a river in a former story, and to a war-horse in the present.

TO HER
ROYAL HIGHNESS,
THE
PRINCESS OF WALES.

With the TRAGEDY of CATO, Nov. 1714.

THE Muse that oft, with sacred raptures fir'd,
Has gen'rous thoughts of Liberty inspir'd,
And, boldly rising for Britannia's laws,
Engag'd great Cato in her country's cause,
On you submissive waits, with hopes assur'd,
By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,
And all the glories, that our age adorn,
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.

No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
But boast her royal progeny's increase,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to strengthen and to grace our isle!
While you, fair Princess, in your offspring smile,
Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
Each heavenly daughter's triumphs we presage;
Already see th' illustrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.

Thou too, the darling of our fond desires,
 Whom Albion, opening wide her arms, requires,
 With manly valour and attractive air
 Shalt quell the fierce and captivate the fair.
 O England's younger hope! in whom conspire
 The mother's sweetness, and the father's fire!
 For thee perhaps, even now, of kingly race
 Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
 Some Carolina, to heaven's dictates true,
 Who, while the scepter'd rivals vainly sue,
 Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
 And slight th' imperial diadem for thee.
 Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
 The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
 Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress'd,
 Endanger'd rights, and liberty distress'd:
 To milder sounds each muse shall tune the lyre,
 And gratitude, and faith to kings inspire,
 And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
 And soothe the madding factions into peace;
 Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
 And teach the nation their new Monarch's praise,
 Describe his awful look, and godlike mind,
 And Caesar's power with Cato's virtue join'd. [ease
 Mean-while, bright Princess, who, with graceful
 And native majesty, are form'd to please;
 Behold those arts with a propitious eye,
 That suppliant to their great protectress fly!
 Then shall thy triumph, and the British stage
 Improve her manners, and refine her rage,
 More noble characters expose to view,
 And draw her finish'd heroines from you.

Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathless muse;
The deathless muse with undiminish'd rays
Through distant times the lovely dame conveys :
To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung ;
The queen still shines, because the poet sung.
Ev'n all those graces, in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find :
(Content our short-liv'd praises to engage,
The joy and wonder of a single age,) P I C T
Unless some poet in a lasting song
To late posterity their fame prolong,
Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
And see your beauty with their father's eyes.

TO
Sir GODFREY KNELLER,
ON HIS
PICTURE of the KING.

KNELLER, with silence and surprize
We see Britannia's monarch rise,
A god-like form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade;
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the presence-chamber stand.

The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends, and scorn of foes :
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.

O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation shall survey
Their Sov'reign, through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land !
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,

Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crouds grow loyal as they gaze.

This image on the medal plac'd
With its bright round of titles grac'd,
And stamp'd on British coins shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial sun
Has daily, since his course begun,
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.

Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, has vied
With nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.
Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And in their robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd.

Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air.
Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd;
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent,
Ere yet her hero was disgrac'd:
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
(Though heav'n should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!

Wise Phidias, thus his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove;
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine;
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.

Great Pan, who went to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak was there;
Old Saturn too with up-cast eyes
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short liv'd darling son to mourn.
The last was he whose thunder flew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a stand:
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George, or carv'd a Jove!

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Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
Some Carolina, to heaven's dictates true,
Who, while the scepter'd rivals vainly sue,
Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
And slight th' imperial diadem for thee.

Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress'd,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty distress'd:
To milder sounds each muse shall tune the lyre,
And gratitude, and faith to kings inspire,
And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
And soothe the madding factions into peace;
Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new Monarch's praise,
Describe his awful look, and godlike mind,
And Caesar's power with Cato's virtue join'd. [ease

Mean-while, bright Princess, who, with graceful
And native majesty, are form'd to please;
Behold those arts with a propitious eye,
That suppliant to their great protectress fly!
Then shall thy triumph, and the British stage
Improve her manners, and refine her rage,
More noble characters expose to view,
And draw her finish'd heroines from you.

Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathless muse;
The deathless muse with undiminish'd rays
Through distant times the lovely dame conveys :
To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung ;
The queen still shines, because the poet sung.
Ev'n all those graces, in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find :
(Content our short-liv'd praises to engage,
The joy and wonder of a single age,) P I C T
Unless some poet in a lasting song
To late posterity their fame prolong,
Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
And see your beauty with their father's eyes.

TO
Sir GODFREY KNELLER,
ON HIS
PICTURE of the KING.

KNELLER, with silence and surprize
We see Britannia's monarch rise,
A god-like form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade;
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the presence-chamber stand.

The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends, and scorn of foes:
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.

O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation shall survey
Their Sov'reign, through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land!
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,

Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crouds grow loyal as they gaze.

This image on the medal plac'd
With its bright round of titles grac'd,
And stamp'd on British coins shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial sun
Has daily, since his course begun,
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.

Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, has vied
With nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.
Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And in their robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd.

Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air.
Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd;
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent,
Ere yet her hero was disgrac'd:
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
(Though heav'n should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!

Wise Phidias, thus his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove;
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine;
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.

Great Pan, who went to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak was there;
Old Saturn too with up-cast eyes
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantinè armour frown'd;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short liv'd darling son to mourn.
The last was he whose thunder flew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a stand:
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George, or carv'd a Jove!



Addison, Joseph,

The Poetical Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq

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